

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For All The Family*

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TO BE GENTLE·COURTEOUS·SYMPATHETIC·TAKES NOTHING FROM RUGGED MANHOOD··IT ADDS DIGNITY AND BALANCE AND SHOWS BROAD CHARACTER··NO ONE CAN THINK OF LINCOLN AS LESS STRONG BECAUSE HIS HEART WAS TOUCHED BY THE TROUBLES AND MISFORTUNES OF THE PEOPLE··ONE SURE SIGN OF GREATNESS IS CONSIDERATION AND FEELING FOR OTHERS—IN TIMES OF JOY·IN TIMES OF SORROW

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### DIZZINESS

**D**IZZINESS, or giddiness, or vertigo, is a condition that is difficult to define, but that no doubt is familiar to everyone through personal experience. According to the dictionary, dizziness is "a sensation of an irregular or whirling motion either of oneself or of external objects," and perhaps that is as near as we can come to an understandable definition. What is of more importance is to know what causes dizziness, so that we can relieve it by removing the cause.

The first thing a person usually thinks of in a dizzy spell is indigestion or biliousness. It is not likely that real indigestion—that is, indigestion that originates in the stomach—ever causes dizziness, but that biliousness, by which is understood poisoning by toxins formed in the intestines,—commonly spoken of as intestinal auto-intoxication,—is a not infrequent cause is probable. The toxins are formed during the final processes of digestion that take place in the intestine and are intended, as is the case with those picked out of the blood by the kidneys, to be rapidly excreted; if in consequence of constipation they are retained in the bowels for an undue time, they may be absorbed into the blood and then may act upon the circulatory apparatus in the brain and cause vertigo or even induce momentary attacks of unconsciousness simulating an apoplectic stroke. The temporary removal of the cause by an aperient such as castor oil is a simple affair, but permanent relief by curing the habitual constipation habit is much more difficult.

Another common cause of dizziness is eye-strain. The enormous relief a person often experiences by having the errors of his vision corrected seems to him little short of miraculous; a person should never fail to have his eyes examined if he has persistent attacks of vertigo. Sometimes the ears of the patient are at fault; there may be either an impaction of wax or a much more serious condition known as Ménière's disease.

In the aged or in the aging vertigo may be owing either to arteriosclerosis or to its cousin, atheroma of the arteries, which affects the blood vessels in the brain. In younger persons a gouty tendency may be the cause. In both cases, and especially in the second, dietetic errors must be corrected. Those who are getting a high blood pressure should begin to eat sparingly, especially of meat, fish, eggs and highly seasoned foods. In all cases of dizziness the doctor should be consulted, for it often takes careful study to unearth the cause, and when it is discovered removing it may require a long course of treatment.

### THE WAY OF LORRAINE

**L**ORRAINE came slowly into Aunt Hetty's room with a letter in her hand; her usually clear face was full of anxiety. "I just don't know what to do, Aunt Hetty. Miss Grayson at the settlement is called home by a death in her family; she will be away a week. They do need me—the others are so new. Yet to leave you like this—"

Into Aunt Hetty's eyes came an eager light. "Of course you can go. 'Twouldn't be right for you to do anything else. You've been real good to us, staying these weeks and all, but we can get along all right now, Uncle James and I. I expect to be stepping round the house real soon. And Jennie Grant will run in every day."

Lorraine shook her head decidedly. "Indeed, you won't be stepping round soon! You're not going to take any chances with that knee. As for Jennie Grant, she's willing enough, but she doesn't know a thing about dietetics. Still I suppose for a week or so— And I could make out the menus."

So Jennie came. She and Aunt Hetty avoided each other's eyes rather curiously, but Lorraine was too busy to notice. For the matter of that, Lorraine never did notice expressions;

she was always too much occupied with what she called real things. She made out a careful bill-of-fare for a week and a schedule of the things to be done about the house each day and then added some notes in regard to Uncle James.

"It's better not to make cookies or cake," she said to Jennie privately. "He'll go to the pantry and eat them if they're there. And that's not good for anyone, much less an old man."

"Uncle James isn't old," Jennie replied indignantly.

Lorraine's capable brows lifted. "Oh, well, I haven't time to argue," she said. "I'll just have to trust that everything will go all right."

Jennie helped Lorraine with her suitcase to the ten o'clock trolley. Then she went back and ran up the stairs. "Now, Aunt Hetty," she cried, "what shall I do first?"

Into Aunt Hetty's pale face had come eager spots of color. "O Jennie, if you'd only pull down the forenoon curtains! It worried me so to think of the sun on that carpet all day."

"Consider it done. What next?"

Aunt Hetty hesitated, but looked into Jennie's eyes and took courage. "If you could mix up a batch of cream cookies! James has missed them so. He feels as if he ain't fed some way."

Jennie nodded joyously. "And a currant pie? A big fat piece at breakfast?"

Aunt Hetty's eyes shone. "It seemed kind of wicked when Lorraine's been so good—"

"Lorraine's been lovely," Jennie agreed warmly. But downstairs while pulling down the curtains she completed the sentence for her own satisfaction. "But, you blessed Aunt Hetty, you shall own your own house for one week anyway."

### THE CAP'N'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

**T**HE old sea captain and his mates were sticklers for form. In fact "etiquay," as they called it, had become a mania with them. After dinner when the cloth was cleared, writes Sir Henry Robinson in *Memories, Wise and Otherwise*, the captain often would send for the mates and the engineer and as we sat round the table propound hard cases on points of etiquette.

He used for his guide and mentor an amazing old tattered book that I sometimes think must have been intended to be comic, because it presupposed such utterly absurd situations. For example, if you were on top of an omnibus and saw a duchess in the street you could not with propriety wave your umbrella at her, no matter how well you knew her. Another thing: when dining with strangers you must not ask the butler for a toothpick at soup. There were many such "hard cases."

The captain used to rule a sheet of paper and put all our names down and award marks in accordance with our replies to the queries put. There was one that made such an impression on me that I made a pencil note of it, and I remember it to this day. We were all sitting round the table; the paper was ruled, and the captain began:

"Now, Mackay, we'll take you first. If you was walking in a field with a young lady with 'oom you was but slightly acquainted, and she was to set down on the grass, what should you do?"

Mackay paused to try and imagine what his feelings and intentions would be in such a case and then replied, "I'd offer to git her a chair."

"Um, ah!" said the skipper. "Not bad, but you might 'ave to walk a couple of miles to get one, and it wouldn't look shipshape for an officer of one of Her Majesty's finest cruisers to be walking about the countryside luggin' a chair after him. However, it's a thoughtful-like thing, and I'll give you five marks. Now, Mr. Trelawney, what do you say?"

"Well," said Trelawney, "I'd argify with her agin it, and if words wouldn't move her I'd take off my coat and give it to her to sit on."

The captain thought deeply. "Well, I don't think that's the answer, but it would be a delicate kind of thing to do, and I'll give you seven. Now, Mr. Lyons, you're next."

"I'd ax the young lady for to get up and run me a race," said the plump little second mate.

"Go on!" said the skipper. "How could you expect a lady with 'oom you were but slightly acquainted to start runnin' races with a pot-bellied little bloke like you?"

Then after we had all offered our solutions to the hard case the skipper consulted the key at the end of the book and announced what the canons of refined society ordained as the duty of the male escort if a lady of high degree decided suddenly to sit down on the grass. "The gentleman," read the skipper, "must remain standing till the lady axes him for to sit down."

"Of course, of course," said the mate; "fools we were not to have seen it."

### A FORGOTTEN COLONY

**A**FEW years ago more than three hundred fair-haired, blue-eyed people were discovered on a little island east of Java. All their neighbors belong to the Malay race, and they themselves speak only Malay; yet each new-born child in the colony is as pink and white as any baby born on the Heerengracht of Amsterdam. How did they happen to be living there?

It was not easy for them to give an account of their origin, but the records of the Dutch East India Company on being investigated

showed what must have happened. In 1665 the company, which in those days conducted its business as if it were a government, landed on the little island of Kissa eight Dutch soldiers with their wives. Under a sergeant by the name of Kaffyn they were placed there to guard against the poachings of the Portuguese, from whom the Dutch had taken many possessions in the East Indian archipelago. Then the little colony apparently was forgotten; the records of the company show nothing further concerning them.

The story of the original settlers has been brought down from one generation to another; since their landing more than two centuries and a half ago only four generations have been born on the island. Kaffyn, the present chief of Kissa, is the great-great-grandson of the original Sergeant Kaffyn, who was in charge of the squad that landed there.

When the little group had eaten itself out of provisions and found that no ships were likely to land there any more they turned to cultivating the rather barren soil. For two years they had a hard fight for life. Fortunately, they had some corn and potatoes from their little store, and they did well with irrigation. The few coconuts that they found were also planted and cultivated. The climate is mild, so that the need for food and clothing was not so urgent as that of the Pilgrims, who reached our coasts earlier in the same century. In time with economy and industry the plots surrounding the little dwellings looked almost like Dutch gardens.

The soldiers and their wives had been trained in religion at home. Cast upon their own resources, they chose one of their group to be their teacher and preacher. They elected another chief. In time they came into contact with the natives of the little island and with those of surrounding islands too. They mastered the foreign tongues; and so well did the children take to the native language that presently they forgot their fathers' language altogether. When during the latter part of the nineteenth century the forgotten colony was rediscovered not one of the inhabitants was able to respond to the inquiries that were made to them in Dutch; in four generations the old tongue had been completely lost.

The people have readily taken up with their cousins from Holland and are now regaining their knowledge both of the tongue and of the customs of the Dutch. Many of the young men have left the island to serve the government of Holland in some capacity either in Java or in one of the other islands of the East Indies.

### A DOG THAT WON THE RIGHT TO FAME

**A** CURIOUS bit of sculpture, writes a contributor, used to adorn, perhaps still adorns, the chimney piece of the great hall of the Castle of Montargis, in France. It represents a dog fighting in the lists with a man armed with a bludgeon. The reason for such a strange embellishment makes an interesting story.

Aubri de Mondidier, a nobleman of large fortune and high rank, was traveling alone one day through the forest of Bondy. Several days later his dog, an English bull, arrived in Paris at the home of one of Mondidier's intimate friends and began to howl dismally. The friend took the dog in, but could not quiet his cries. Running to the door, the creature pulled at the man's sleeve and dumbly entreated him to go with him. The friend could not help wondering why the dog was without his master, whom he was wont to accompany, and especially why the creature was so excited. Apparently something was wrong. So he summoned help and followed the dog, which led them straight to the foot of a tree in the forest, where he resumed his howling and began to scratch at the ground. They started to dig where the dog was scratching and found the body of Mondidier! There was no doubt that the noble had been murdered.

The dog attached himself to the friend and followed him everywhere, as he had followed his former master. One day in the street they met the Chevalier Macaire, a well known gentleman. Instantly the dog sprang at him and seized him by the throat; it was only with great difficulty that his master dragged him away. The same thing happened more than once; at sight of the chevalier the dog, usually docile, would fall into a violent fury. The curious antipathy naturally led to gossip and then to an investigation that showed that Macaire had envied and hated the murdered Mondidier.

There are always those about a court to carry tales, and soon the gossip reached the king's ears, and he ordered the dog brought to him. In the royal presence the dog was extremely gentle until Macaire, previously sent for, entered the room with several other noblemen. Immediately the dog singled him out and attacked him viciously.

Those were the good old days of trial by combat, when issues and wrongs of which there was no direct proof were left to the "judgment of God," as the result of a mortal combat at arms was believed to be. Impressed with the persistence of the dog, the king ordered that the matter should be so decided by combat between him and the man. Macaire could not decline such an ordeal, for refusal would amount to confession.

The lists were duly prepared in the usual

manner, and on the appointed day the king graced the occasion, surrounded by his courtiers as well as by hundreds of the populace, all eager to see the strange encounter. The heralds blew their trumpets, and dog and man were admitted to the arena from either end, the man armed with a stout cudgel as the king had commanded. The dog ran straight at his antagonist and circled round him, snarling and dodging the well-aimed blows of the cudgel, and darting in whenever an opportunity presented to snap at and gash the man's legs. Round and round he went, keeping his opponent constantly whirling to face him. Exertion and loss of blood soon exhausted the man. Then the lowering of the cudgel gave the dog his chance. In he rushed and, springing up, seized the man by the throat and bore him heavily to earth.

That relentless grip meant death, and under it Macaire yielded and confessed his guilt before the king and the court. But the confession did not save him; a few days later he was executed on the site of the lists where he had been defeated.

### A DINNER JACKET IN THE JUNGLE

**D**ISCUSSING the influences that make the character of a man, Mr. Raymond Blathwayt in the *Tapestry of Life* gives credit to the English public schools for inculcating in the youth of the land the spirit that built the British Empire. Such slogans as "Go it, Eton!" "Well done, Rugby!"—which once gave the thrill of a great determination never to quit whatever the odds—have, he believes, carried the English into far places. As a good example of that dogged spirit he tells this story:

I was once traveling through a vast forest in India when I came upon a lonely bungalow far from the haunts of men. A young Englishman came forward to meet me and insisted on my stopping over as his guest for a day or two. I gladly accepted, for the heat was terrific, and a great storm was coming up over the mountains. But despite the fact that the thermometer marked one hundred and twelve degrees in the shade and that my host was trembling with fever and ague he insisted on putting on a stiff white shirt and a dinner jacket! No one who has not experienced it has any conception what the discomfort of such a costume means in the plains of India in the height of the hot season. I commented on it with a good deal of astonishment.

"Well," he replied, "I daresay it does strike you as rather odd. I haven't seen a white woman for two years, and I am always alone here, but I try to dress every night for dinner, because I feel it keeps me in touch with the old country, and it helps to keep me decent and from becoming a slacker."

As I looked at the poor young fellow—he was only twenty-five years old—and gazed sadly upon his thin, white face and noticed how now and again the dreadful fever and ague took hold of him and shook him until his teeth rattled I could not but reflect upon the magnificent dominance of that undying sixth-form spirit: "Play up, play up, and play the game!"

### HOW TO JOIN THE BURIED BONE CLUB

**W**HAT is the proper attitude to have toward your dog? A writer in the *London Morning Post* answers the question neatly and humorously by thus whimsically describing the relation between himself and his dog Fubsy:

To anybody with a sane outlook on life the man in an animal is only a shade less repulsive than the animal in man. For some years I was owned—and on the whole very well treated—by a high-class dog, who at the outset outlined with admirable clarity the basis upon which our relationship was to rest.

"I am quite willing," he said to me, "to keep cats out of the garden and bite the gas man and even to allow you to pretend to beat me when some one has sneaked in and dug a hole in the mistress's crocus bed. But understand once and for all that I will not 'ask for it' or 'sham dead' or balance biscuits on my nose. Still less will I be referred to as 'almost human' or have it said that I can 'do anything but talk.' How would you like me to tell the bull terrier at No. 7 that you are almost canine? Why, all the dogs in the neighborhood would be laughing up their collars at you!"

Well, I never told anyone that Fubsy was almost human, but on the contrary insisted that he was quite the doggiest dog I had ever met. As a result the dogs of the neighborhood always treated me with respect and finally made me an honorary member of the Buried Bone Club.

### NOTHING LESS THAN A MILLION FOR THIS LITTLE GIRL

**T**HE perfectly absurd inflation of the German currency has been the source of some humor along with a great deal of wretchedness. So the Berlin paper *Ulk* tells of a little German girl who informed her father that she could count.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed her father. "Begin then!"

"One million, two million, three million," said the child importantly.



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## HUNT THE DOG FANCIER

By Russell Gordon Carter



DRAWINGS BY WENDELL P. DODGE

THE door opened quickly, and Stag Hunt entered the room. One side of his coat was bulging.

"Whose hen roost have you been robbing, Stag?" demanded Clam Baker from the window seat.

Stag grinned and with the air of a magician flung the coat wide and disclosed a large box labeled "Dog Biscuits."

"Behold!" he cried dramatically. "Fine!" said Clam, clapping his hands. "But I'll bet you can't produce a pair of rabbits from under your hat! What's the idea of the dog biscuits, Stag? Going to have a party?"

Again Stag was dramatic. He stepped quickly outside and began to make curious noises with his lips. When he reentered the room a bow-legged English bulldog followed at his heels.

"Oh!" said Clam in a tone of relief. "A party for the dog! Honest, Stag, just what is the idea?"

Stag looked down at the dog affectionately. "You know, Clam, I love dogs," he replied. "Well, while I was walking over near Bloomingdale this afternoon, trying to outline tomorrow's theme, I spied this fellow. He seemed to be lost. Anyway he followed me all the way home. He's a good dog, Clam; open his mouth and you can see."

"You don't catch me opening any mouth but my own!" replied Clam emphatically. "What is it this time—Hunt the Dog Catcher?"

"No," said Stag; "can't you see the point? The dog's valuable, and he's lost. There'll be a reward."

"Oh," said Clam. "And you're going to keep him here in the room till you collect it. You've got enough biscuits there to keep a dozen dogs."

"The dog won't mind for a day or two—"

"No," Clam interrupted him, "the dog won't mind, but if old Moses finds out he'll report you." "Old Moses" was the janitor.

"I shan't tell Moses," continued Stag earnestly. "And I got a lot of dog biscuits because with the reward I'm going into the dog business—"

"In this room, Stag?"

"Well, no. When I get my dogs I'll hire part of a barn."

Even Stag knew there were limits to what a student at old Bittersweet College could do in his room.

"Aren't you taking a lot for granted?" Clam inquired. "Maybe the owner won't offer a reward."

"I think he will," Stag replied confidently. "I'll watch the ads in the papers."

"Stag," said Clam solemnly, "if you'd put as much time on your studies as you've put on trying to earn money, you wouldn't be taking freshman composition in your sophomore year."

But Stag only smiled. "One thing I can't do is write good themes, but I'm right there when it comes to dogs. I love them!"

Clam seized his sweater and started for the door. "Hey, Stag?"

"What?"

"All the dumb animals in this world don't

go about on four legs!" And Clam's flying footsteps echoed down the corridor.

Stag scowled. Clam and his cheap humor! Well, he'd show Clam something! He ought to be able to buy half a dozen dogs with the reward from "English." He'd buy pups and train them—make them jump through hoops, scratch twice for two o'clock and three times for three o'clock and bark fiercely at mention of old Prexy Pepper's name. And when the pups grew up he'd sell them at a large profit. Yes, he'd go in for dogs, and the sign above his kennels would read, "Hunt the Dog Fancier," and he'd charge fancy prices. It might be a novel advertising idea too, to print the words in red ink on dog biscuits and pass them round like business cards. In the doubtful case that no one should claim "English"—well, one dog was enough to start his kennels with. All big business began in a small way. Look at old Jake Waterman back home; he had started his milk route with only one cow. Now he was the richest man in town, and his name meant something different from what it had meant at first.

Stag made the dog comfortable in Clam's big chair and then sat down to write his theme; he had decided to write on Bulldogs, Their Habits. In his wordiest style—for the theme had to be three hundred words long—he set to work unwittingly to prove why he was still taking freshman composition:

"Dogs are of all kinds—large and small, white and black, brindle and brown, spotted and plain, long-haired and short-haired, lively and dull, fat and lean, old and young, expensive and cheap, nice and not so nice. There is money in dogs if you know how to get it out—"

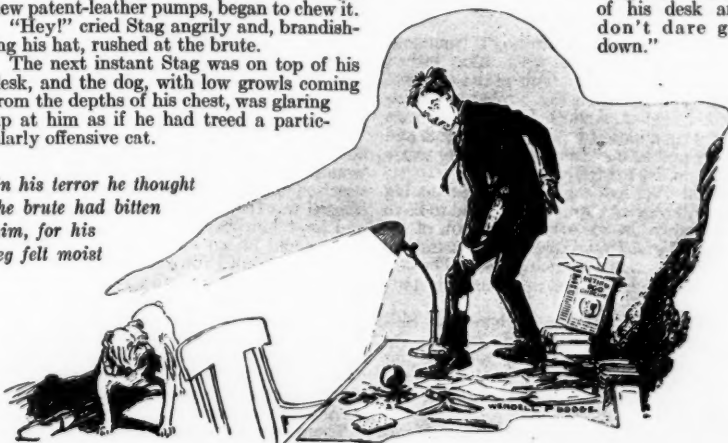
But at that rather important point Stag's ideas ceased to flow, and, fearful lest his theme should seem labored, he set it aside temporarily.

When he went down to supper he locked the dog in; and when he came back with Clam he carried a large soup bone. For a few minutes the dog gnawed away at it furiously; then he crawled under the bookcase and, crawling forth with one of Stag's new patent-leather pumps, began to chew it.

"Hey!" cried Stag angrily and, brandishing his hat, rushed at the brute.

The next instant Stag was on top of his desk, and the dog, with low growls coming from the depths of his chest, was glaring up at him as if he had treed a particularly offensive cat.

*In his terror he thought the brute had bitten him, for his leg felt moist*



"Get away from me, you mutt!" cried Stag, kicking at him.

That didn't look much like love, and Clam said so. Then after a long, searching look at the dog he climbed to the top of his own desk.

"Clam," said Stag tremulously, "what'll I do? If I get down, he'll bite me!"

"That's a mouthful!" replied Clam ambiguously.

Just then the door opened, and Skinny Beane started to enter, but at sight of a muscular white body speeding straight at him across the rug he changed his mind. Skinny was so thin that he couldn't afford to be bitten even by a toy poodle!

As the door banged Stag looked at Clam in consternation. The dog had begun to gnaw the bone again, but the slightest movement on the part of either roommate caused him to start to his feet and growl. Clam grinned; he could afford to grin because his desk was much nearer the door than Stag's.

"What'll we do?" said Stag. "Look at him, Clam! Look at his eyes! Look at his teeth!"

"And you wanted me to open his mouth!" said Clam. "Do you still love dogs, Stag?"

Stag didn't reply, but his attitude suggested that his love had not quite stood the test.

"Say, Stag," cried Clam, "wave a book at him, will you?"

"What for?"

"You'll see; I've got an idea."

Stag waved the book, and the dog sprang at him viciously. Clam left his desk like a bird. In two strides he was at the door. Open it came. Bang! And Clam, with part of his sweater missing, was on the outside looking through the letter slot.

"Much obliged, Stag!"

"O Clam, do something for me, will you?" pleaded Stag. "I'm scared!"

"Do you still love dogs?" Clam inquired again.

"No, I hate them!"

Clam grinned. "Do you still intend to be a dog fancier, Stag?"

"No! Aw, say, Clam,—No you don't, you mutt!—do something for me, will you?"

Clam hurried off down the corridor. He found Pinky Winkle, Red Lane and the rest all in Skinny's room. In graphic fashion Skinny was telling how the dog had tried to "take his leg off," and the others were listening, wide of eyes. "Clam on top of one desk," Skinny was saying, "and Stag on the other, and that vicious mutt between 'em—"

"Yes," said Clam, opening the door, "and Stag is still on top of his desk and don't dare get down."

"How did you get down?" demanded Skinny incredulously.

"I flew," replied Clam solemnly.

"What I want to know," said Red, "is what lunatic brought such a vicious brute into the dorm?"

"Stag of course," Clam explained. "One of his fool ideas to make money. He thought he'd be a dog fancier, but the dog took a fancy to him. Awful sudden change in that dog's disposition! Never try to take anything from a bulldog, Skin. I've learned my lesson. Now how are we going to get Stag out?"

"Don't look at me!" said Skinny.

The others were silent. Skinny's graphic description of how the brute had attacked him had convinced them that it wouldn't do to be too heroic.

"Well, how is Stag going to get out?" Clam insisted.

Stag was pondering the same question. Standing on top of his desk, he had switched on his lamp and tilted it downward so that it shone into the dog's eyes and made them glare like a wolf's. Stag shuddered and looked about him in vain for a way of escaping. His desk was in the far corner away from door and windows.

Soon Stag's back and legs began to ache, and he longed to exercise a bit; but the top of a desk is no place for exercise, especially when an angry bulldog is watching you from the floor. Stag thought of his plan; it was such a good plan too! Then he thought of his dog biscuits and broke open the package. "Here, boy," he called gently. "Nice old fellow! Nice biscuit!"

Stag tossed the biscuit, and the dog took it—as an insult. Upward and forward he hurled himself. Terror-stricken, Stag kicked first with one foot and then with the other. In doing so he lost his balance and sat down with a bump that overturned his bottle of ink.

"Rip!" shrieked Stag as the cloth of one leg of his trousers parted in the teeth of the bulldog. He got hastily to his feet again. In his terror he thought the brute had bitten him, for his leg felt moist; he touched it with his fingers and to his genuine relief learned that the moisture was only ink.

Down in Skinny's room the others, deep in consultation on how to rescue Stag without bloodshed, heard his shrill cry of terror and rushed up in a body. Skinny stooped to peer through the letter slot and then went over backwards as a heavy body struck the door from within.

"Open it!" shouted Stag. "He wants to get out!"

"No!" cried Skinny, preparing to run.

But Skinny need not have worried; no one had any notion of opening that door.

"Are you all right, Stag?" cried Clam.

"He—he almost got me that time," replied Stag tremulously. "He tore my pants. Do something, will you? Get somebody! Get old Moses!"

"Thought you weren't going to tell him about the dog?" said Clam.

"Get Moses," repeated Stag pathetically.

"That's a good suggestion," said Finny. "He's janitor, and if anything goes wrong in the dorm he's supposed to fix it right."

"Sure," added Happy Day, "get Moses; then it's up to him. I think he can get Stag out some way."

It may be that Happy in the deep recesses of his mind was thinking of another Moses and perhaps associating him with bullfights instead of bullrushes. Certainly Moses Meeker, the janitor, was the meekest, most patient and long-suffering soul on the payroll of old Bittersweet College. For twenty-one years it had been, "Moses, do this," and "Moses, do that," and "Now, Moses, see if you can't do the other." And the reply



Moses

was invariably a patient shake of a patient gray head accompanied by a "Yes, sir," in a soft, patient voice. It is true that Moses had a reputation for being able to do anything, but could Moses rescue Stag Hunt from a bloodthirsty brute with the wolf-light in its eyes? Happy was sure he could and said so again.

"All right," said Skinny, "let's get him." After a hurried explanation to Stag they all trooped down to the basement where Moses lived in his one room. But the old man was out; on his door he had pinned a card that read: "Back in an hour, sir!"

"We'd better go and keep Stag company," said Clam.

Stag certainly had need of company. He was weak with fright and trembling like a leaf. To all appearances he should have to stay there all night, may be till either he or the dog died of hunger! Perhaps to fortify himself, he had begun to nibble one of the dog biscuits. And perhaps for the same reason the dog had gone back to his bone. Stag wondered which had the greater nutritive value, the bone or the biscuits, and after a few nibbles decided that the advantage was all on the side of the dog. He groaned, and the dog growled softly.

"Hey, Stag!" he heard Clam shout at that moment. "Stick it out. We'll have Moses here in another hour."

Stag groaned again. "An hour!" The minutes dragged past, and poor Stag nibbled his dog biscuit and thought, not of Bulldogs, Their Habits, but of wolves; and the others sat on the radiator outside and tried to figure out how they could see Moses rescue Clam's roommate from the bulldog without themselves being bitten—or, as Skinny said, "without losing a leg." Then at the end of almost an hour they went down again and found Moses in his room.

"There's a mad dog in Hunt's room!" said Skinny.

"A bloodthirsty white bulldog!" added Red Lane.

"And Hunt's in there too," said Clam. "That's the important part. He's on top of his desk."

"Get one or the other out, will you, Moses?" said Happy as if he were referring to a couple of empty trunks.

"Yes, sir," replied the janitor, scratching his head thoughtfully. "A white bulldog, ye say?"

"White and ferocious!" replied Finny.

"Eh, Skin?"

Skinny shuddered.

"Not old Crackenthorpe's from Bloomdale way?" inquired the janitor.

"Why, that's where Stag found him," said Clam in astonishment.

Moses picked up a switch that was lying in one corner, and in a moment they were following him up the stairs. At the door he stooped and peered through the letter slot.

"That's him," he said mildly and let the slot fall as the dog hurled himself forward.

"Is that you, Moses?" came Stag's voice.

"Take him out, please!"

"Yes, sir," said Moses. "But if I do, seems to me he ought to be mine."

"He certainly is!" Stag was in no humor to split hairs, even dog hairs.

"There happens to be a small reward offered for that there dog," continued Moses. "You can't very well collect it." He paused, and swift came Stag's answer:

"I don't care if there's a million dollars' reward! Get him out!"

As Skinny and the rest saw the old janitor draw forth his keys and open the door a crack they made a rush for the top of the radiator. Then they gasped, not so much because of what he did, but because of what he said.

"There, ye sheep-killin' old devil! Down! Down, I say!" There was nothing mild or meek about Moses Meeker now; his voice was all brass and iron, his manner that of a veteran lion-tamer. "Down, I say, if you don't want me to slit that dirty, worthless throat of yours!" And the switch cut the air.

Those on the radiator saw the old man vanish into the room, heard a throaty growl or two and then heard the switch cut the air again. But Stag not only heard but saw, and he was astounded. He saw old Moses as he had never seen him before—cold, pitiless blue eyes, square, determined chin and lips so straight and thin they seemed to compress and sharpen the words that issued from them.

"Must I kick the everlastin' daylight out of ye, ye good-fer-nothin' lump of meat? Down! Ha!"

Stag saw the dog cower and slink away; the wolf-light was all gone from his eyes now.

"Here! Take yer bone!" Once more the switch cut the air. "What! Ye won't take it—ah, ye'd better!"

As if he were looking on at a miracle Stag saw the bulldog take the bone in his teeth and at a word from the janitor start slowly for the door. Out they went, the dog with head and tail drooping, the janitor stern, erect and commanding.

Then down came Stag from his perch, and in rushed the others.

"Moses!" exclaimed Clam appropriately.

"A man among men!" echoed Skinny.

"I told you so!" said Happy.

As for Stag, he sank into his chair. "Leave me be," he said; "I feel kind of sick."

When Stag's fingers had ceased to tremble he found a fresh piece of paper and hurriedly wrote his theme on Bulldogs, Their Habits—and their habits were mostly bad. Then he went straight to bed.

Several interesting pieces of news caused a sensation among the students the next day and the day following. Old Moses had returned Crackenthorpe's dog and had received a reward of ten dollars. The old janitor, so Moses told Clam, had "worked

with the lions" in a circus when he was younger—rather good training for a janitor at old Bittersweet!

But the most interesting piece of news was announced in freshman composition. The instructor read Stag's theme aloud in class and declared it the best undergraduate theme he had ever read during his fourteen years at the college. "It is written with force, vividness and feeling," he said. "The writer"—he nodded toward Stag—"evidently knows bulldogs at first hand. That's so, isn't it, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir," replied Stag proudly.

## THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT · By Ralph D. Paine



DRAWINGS BY  
A. O. SCOTT

### Chapter Three A family feud

WITH long and nervous strides Sidney Torr paced the floor of the sitting room or peered from a front window. Frequently he flitted into the hall to look at the tall clock. His heart was in his boots. But when he heard the storm door open he stood very straight and stiff. It was what he fancied the attitude of an intrepid soldier should be when about to face a firing squad. Without a word his father removed his fur coat and muffer; then he stared at his unhappy son.

"Where's mother? Isn't she coming home to get dinner?" blurted Sidney.

David Torr answered without haste or anger:

"She will be along presently. Scared of me, are you? Hope your mother will make it easier for you?"

"No, sir!" declared Sidney with his chin up. "I guess we must settle this ourselves. I don't know how much you have heard, father, but I never dreamed it was going to turn out this way and—"

David Torr raised a warning hand. He was in no mood to listen. But instead of the expected outbreak of temper his demeanor expressed a certain sorrow and bewilderment.

He slumped into a worn armchair as if he were tired. For some time he brooded. Sidney waited impatiently; the suspense tormented him; it was cruel!

When Mr. Torr looked up his strong, ruddy features still bore that same imprint of sadness. His voice was singularly mild as he said: "I heard enough after town meeting had adjourned. Your crowd wasn't any too careful of my feelings."

"My crowd?" was the boy's tremulous exclamation. "For heaven's sake, father, don't put it that way. This is the toughest moment of my whole life. Probably my career is smashed. And all I did was to turn loose certain ideas I had about pageants and history and so on. You can't feel any worse than I do, let me tell you!"

David Torr had sagged deeper in the big chair. All his stubborn anger seemed to have ebbed away. In his eyes was a look of reproach, of profound disappointment. Sidney had never seen him in such a mood. The boy was alarmed. His father was like a mysterious stranger.

"You are more or less of a born fool, Sidney," said Mr. Torr with a sigh, "and always was. But that don't excuse it. Of course you knew you were stirring up trouble for me. Why didn't you come and tell me what was going on?"

"I tried to, honest, but you froze me up.

Other people tried to put you next to things. What was the use?"

"I was right, and they were wrong, Sidney. This Miss Isabelle Hanson never meant to put any slights on the town. She was coming in the spring to mix up with folks and learn all about our history before she tackled the pageant. What did Frank Creecy care about it until you put him up to all this devilment? Well, it's done, and I've got a boy I'm ashamed to own. He turned my own neighbors against me."

That was harder punishment than any anger could inflict. Sidney wanted to beg forgiveness, but the words died. Between them was a barrier that he could not break down. Soon Mrs. Torr entered the house and, seeing them together, passed through into the kitchen.

A little later Sidney fled to his own room, where he sat upon the edge of the bed with his head in his hands. "You needn't wait for me, mother," he called down the stairs when dinner was ready. "I don't feel a bit hungry."

Of course his mother ran up to comfort him and find out whether he was ill. Mothers are expected to be cheerful, no matter how much gloom the men of the family may shed round them. An active woman was Mrs. David Torr with a light step and a smile that an incessant round of duties could not drive away. Although Sidney sometimes dismayed her, she felt implicitly confident that he would turn out all right. She threw one glance at the dismal young genius marooned in his room.

"Sidney Torr," she cried, "you come right straight down to the table. Fish chowder, hot biscuit and blueberry pie! You and your father have got to live together, and I can't feed you in separate rooms, like a hotel or a menagerie."

"That's what makes it so serious, mother," was the perturbed reply. "I was all set for a terrible scene—assault and battery and everything—and he just sat there like an old man. It broke me all up. I shall never be the same again. Do you really think I ought to go on living with you?"

She kissed him and patted his cheek. Her own soul was harrowed, but there was never any time to think of herself.

"You needn't pack your trunk yet awhile," she assured him with a catch in her voice. "I understand you well enough to know how it all happened. But I'm afraid we can't make it clear to your father. All we can do is hope and pray and be patient with him. All the tucker has been taken out of him. I never did see him act numb before. But maybe it's a case of 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' As for you, Sidney, it should be a solemn and lasting lesson to mind your own business. You can see what you've done to your own flesh and blood."

"Yes'm," mumbled the culprit. "Good intentions are a snare and a delusion. They surely are! Did I hear you say blueberry pie?"

Thus did Sidney conclude that life might still be worth living. It was like an unhealed wound, however, to know that his father despised and distrusted him. How to redeem himself was the problem that baffled Sidney and kept him awake at night. Meanwhile there could be no reconciliation; it was a family feud that kept them apart and made them enemies underneath the same roof-tree. The pity of it was that David Torr could not perceive how much the catastrophe had changed his son for the better. It had steadied his flighty disposition. He had an ambition to drive him, a goal to attain. He found himself trying to imitate his father's persevering courage.

There was one person, however, who soon

discovered that here was quite a different Sidney Torr. It was none other than the notorious Conky Ryder, who would sooner fight than work. He was mending a boat in a shed down by the river landing when Sidney passed on some errand of his own. Conky laid down his hammer and, sauntering out, said with a snarl:

"Any more Torrs need a lickin'? Your crooked old snoozer of a dad got it good, didn't he? He must feel kind of poor without the town money to graft."

Sidney did not look round for his valiant right bower, Joe Runnels; nor did he sputter any threats. With a leap he grasped the hammer from the boat and bristled up to the startled Conky Ryder. "You take back what you said about my father!" he cried, and there was no uncertain squeak in his voice. "He's on the level, and you know it! Take it back or I'll bust your head!"

The nimble Conky might have dashed in and disarmed his slim, gawky opponent, or he could have snatched up a stick of wood as a cudgel. But something told him that this new Sidney Torr would not stay down if knocked down. It was mind against matter. The white-faced, determined son of David Torr was ready to die in his tracks.

Again Sidney had conquered fear. Here was a chance for him to erase one black mark.

With a shrug and a grin Conky Ryder retreated to the shed. He was shrewd enough to comprehend that in the circumstances a quarrel would be no pastime. "Aw, gimme the hammer, Sid," said he. "I've got to rivet the planks of this boat. If you feel so sore about it, I'll say your dad was a darn good selectman."

"That's not enough, Conky," and Sidney made a sudden violent gesture with the hammer.

"Look out there, you lunatic! Want to beat my brains out? First thing you know you'll be hanged for murder! Lay off me. Sure I'll take it back. Now behave yourself, for the love of Mike! What's the idea?"

"You and your gang will find out if I hear any more of this talk about my father," was the curt answer. "I've stood about enough from you."

"Wow, and I thought you were a wobbly skeesicks, Sid, all talk and no punch," was Conky Ryder's tribute. "Looks to me like you're growin' into a regular Torr."

Sidney blushed with pride and pleasure as he went his way. Nothing finer could have been said of him. He was ready to agree with Joe Runnels that Conky wasn't such a bad egg. That encounter was the silver lining to the dark cloud that still obscured his horizon. Sidney was convinced that his father actually hated him. The weeks dragged by until the stern Wingfield winter reluctantly gave way to the smiles of spring. A torrent of melting snow roared over the dam above the stone bridge. The hills were brown and soggy. Like prisoners released, the farmers' wives rejoiced to hear the bluebirds and the robins.

During the two weeks' vacation in April, Sidney as usual worked in his father's store. He had always found the occupation congenial. Driving the delivery wagon was like making a succession of neighborly visits. Clerking behind the counter gave him a sense of grown-up importance. His father had asked his advice now and then and sometimes had left him in charge, but now the relations were different. He told Sidney to do this and to do that. The boy felt that he was watched. His father never spoke to him unless it was necessary. It was like being in jail in the custody of a suspicious keeper.

Each day of servitude reminded the boy that his father had lost faith in him. He was





not allowed to forget it. He was anxious to see the end of the vacation in order that he might find at school a respite from his feelings. One Sunday afternoon, however, there came a pleasant interlude when he wandered down to the river with Joe Runnels. Between them they owned a dory with an untrustworthy engine that it was time to think of overhauling and painting. After looking the craft over they sat upon a stone slab of the old wharf and whittled and discussed various things.

From the ruined wharf the brigs and schooners of Wingfield had sailed a hundred years earlier, bound coast-wise or even as far as the West Indies. They had been built and launched just below the wharf where the ground was level and now covered with grass. The cargoes they brought home had been carried far inland in ox carts and covered wagons. A dozen taverns and stores had flourished within sight of the landing. All this traffic had vanished long ago; not a trace of it now remained. The coming of the railway had wiped it out. It seemed absurd to imagine that Wingfield had ever been a bustling salt-water port.

On this Sunday afternoon in April the narrow river had cast off its fetters of ice. The tide was at the flood, and there was a ruffling wind. There was a jolly warmth in the sunshine. Even a youth as sorely beset by circumstances as Sidney Torr felt the call to fling dull care away and to be up and doing. Perhaps he might write another poem, although he thought he had banished the muse forever. Premonitory symptoms stirred in his soul. Nothing blithe and gay! The poem should be more after the pattern of Gray's *Elegy*. He was fitting rimes together when Joe Runnels interrupted his train of thought.

"It's a perfect shame," he said, "that we're not going to have any two hundred and fiftieth celebration. As far as I hear, the whole thing was canned."

"There you go, spoiling the only happy moments I've had since town meeting," was the disgusted protest. "Realism is what ails you, Joe. There's not a romantic bone in your body. Look at that river, why don't you, and thank goodness you're alive. I almost did when you had to butt in."

"All right. We'll listen to the pussy willows meow," said the even-tempered Joseph. "And perhaps we can hear the birch bark. I didn't say anything about a pageant. Why so peeved?"

"That's just it, Joe. You can't even mention any kind of an anniversary celebration in this town. It's like a red rag. The whole game was quered at town meeting. People want to forget it as long as they live and breathe. The minister can't preach enough sermons in a dozen years to make us love one another."

"But we ought to celebrate somehow," persisted Joe. "If we put it off till three hundred years, the old-timers will be kind of scarce. Gee whiz, us boys'll be decorated with false teeth and white whiskers!"

"Not me," said Sidney and sighed, "I expect to die young. A man can stand just about so much grief and misunderstanding in this old world."

"Oh, brace up! We'll be going in swimming next month. And I'll bet we can make that old dory go if we rewire the engine and get some new piston rings and fix the timer and cut some gaskets and take up the bearings."

"Speaking of celebrations," dreamily remarked the budding genius, whose gaze was far away. "I had something good when the committee squelched me that night in our parlor. I was tactless, Joe. I realize it now. If I had jollied Miss Isabelle Hanson along instead of antagonizing her professional instincts, maybe we could have worked together. She would have seen that I was full of ideas."

"You were full of prunes and pinwheels," remarked Joe.

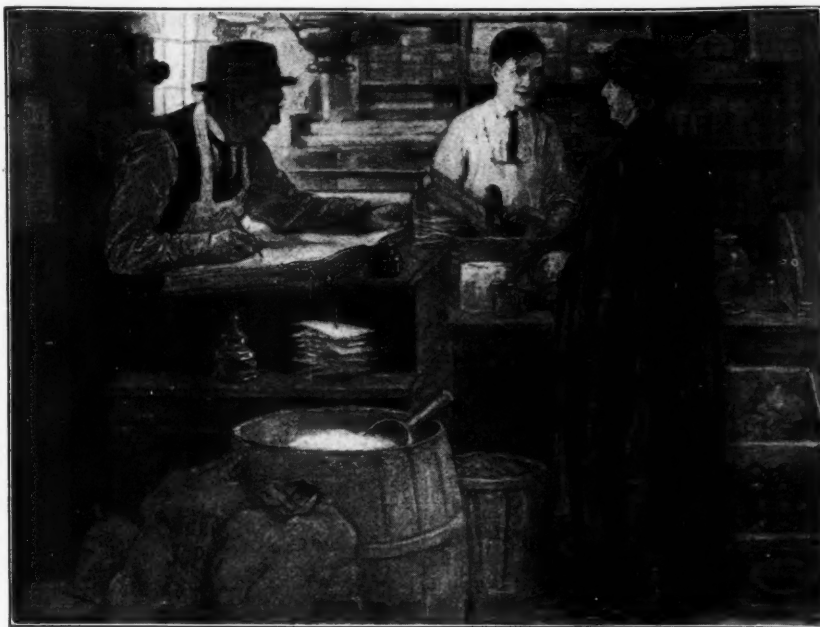
"Don't hit a man when he's down and out, Joe. Listen! It all comes to me right now like an inspiration. Look at this smooth sod below the wharf with the trees back of it like a curtain. Did you ever see such a dandy outdoor stage? And that hill right across the river that slopes all the way up to Mr. Jim Sawyer's house? Why, you could put thousands of people there to see the show. And at high tide, with the water between the stage and the crowd and the old mill on one side and the white house on the other, where the

powder was hid that our soldiers took to Bunker Hill, could you beat it? Nothing modern in sight, Joe!"

"Yes, this is the place all right," agreed Joe, "and nobody else has sized it up. The landing was all piled up with ice cakes and snowdrifts when the pageant woman was here. She didn't get it. But what's the use? This pageant business is buried deeper than our ancestors."

"I s'pose it is, Joe, old man. The minute you say pageant I get goose pimples. What did you say about fixing our old dory?"

They turned to the topic that held no troublesome memories and enjoyed the rest of the afternoon. Nevertheless Sidney could not thereafter dismiss from his thoughts the beauty of the landscape by the river landing. In his leisure hours he drifted down there alone to stand with his hands in his pockets and lose himself in absorbed meditation.



The boy felt that he was watched

The great idea chased itself round and round in his brain like a squirrel in a cage. Here was the place, and his vision peopled it with a dream that he was fond of calling *Memories of the Very Long Ago*. He knew nothing whatever about interpretive dancing and tableaux and symbolic groups. What moved him was the instinct of the story teller.

He was hopeless of achieving anything. He was pursuing a rainbow, but he could not bear to give up the fascinating chase. Gradually his dream became interwoven with the one purpose that had mastered him, the burning desire to regain his father's respect. If he, Sidney, could somehow salvage this plan of a pageant or outdoor play in honor of old Wingfield, it might soften his father's heart. His father had been tremendously interested in the celebration. The wrecking of it had sorely hurt him. In his reticent way he loved his town and had never spared himself in its interests.

"It would make him happy if anything could," reflected Sidney, "and then he might see that I hadn't been trying just to spite him."

He was unwilling to confide to Joe Runnels that this crazy notion had taken such a fast hold of him. And if he told other persons they would be sure to say that he had "blown up" again. However, the keen-eyed Joseph was quick to notice that his comrade was laboring under some suppressed emotion. The symptoms were easy to read. Sidney was absent-minded in school and took no interest in such monotonous events as the first baseball game of the season. Playing in left field, he was so atrocious that Capt. Joseph Runnels promptly sent him to the bench.

"This won't do, Sid," said he after the game. "Last year you could bat; now you can't hit a punkin. You used to eat up fly balls; now you couldn't catch the mumps. I'd fire you, but who else have I got? Throwing me down, are you, same as you did your dad?"

As Joe had foreseen, the insult made Sidney blaze with wrath, the result was a cyclonic scuffle in which Sidney, the light-

weight, was tripped and firmly sat upon. With Sidney in that position Joe found it possible to debate the matter without running the risk of incurring bodily damage. Sidney cooled rapidly. He had deserved a scolding, and he knew it. During the excitement he let slip the reason for his unsatisfactory conduct on the ball field. At that Joseph grasped his arm and hauled him to his feet.

"I advise you to put your mind on sensible things like baseball, young man," he exclaimed earnestly, "or you'll go daffy and have to be cooped up somewhere. You quit being flighty for quite a spell, but now you're worse than ever. I'll be switched if I let the artistic temperament spoil a perfectly good ball player. This is the limit."

"See here, Joe Runnels," hotly replied the culprit, "did you ever want to do a thing more'n anything in the world and couldn't

the stone wall that inclosed the barnyard. To replace the loose stones that the frost had dislodged was one of the spring chores on the farm."

He heaved and grunted until he heard the noise of an automobile in distress. He knew what had happened; another car was stuck in the mudhole at the foot of the hill. The motor was racing and roaring, and the rear wheels were churning themselves deeper into the mud. Joe shouldered a shovel and trudged to the rescue. It was an old story at this time of year.

He found a heavy touring car embedded to the running boards. The driver was alone. He was a large man in knickerbockers whom Joe had never seen before. Having emerged from the car, he stood in the mud and looked at it. His manner was bland and unruffled. This was unusual, Joe said to himself. Men sputtered and said things when they were mired like that. The stranger waved a hand in greeting.

"This must be the place where somebody saw a hat in the road and picked it up," he remarked. "Under it was a farmer driving to town with a two-horse load of baled hay."

"That happened to my Uncle Ed Runnels," replied Joe without smiling. "You'd better not stand there much longer. You're settlin' deeper every minute. I don't want to have to dig you and the car out, too."

"Can the car be dug out?" exclaimed the other, fairly beaming. "I had just kissed it good-bye. And you don't know how I dreaded breaking the news to my wife. She told me not to try this back road."

"Men are silly that way," said Joe. "They want to make the women think they know it all. You come with me and help fetch some planks. We've got to jack her up somehow. Then I'll hitch up a pair of horses and yank her out."

The affable stranger obeyed with no more words; he had heard his master's voice. Evidently he was a man of some importance in the world, but here was a predicament in which he was helpless. Cheerfully he lugged planks and rocks and lent a hand with the shovel.

"Far be it from me to discourage you, my son," said he, "but this job requires a steam derrick and a wrecking crew. Did you ever see a car in such a mess as this?"

"I never did. You made it a whole lot worse by running your engine after you were in it up to the axles. Now you put your heft on the end of that timber and pry for all you're worth, understand?"

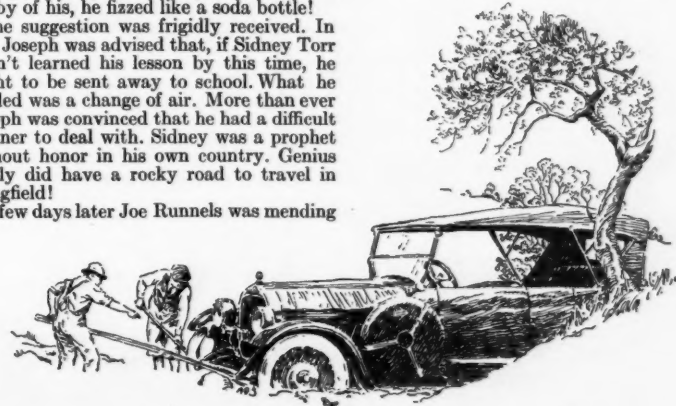
Little by little the miracle was accomplished. Now and then they rested. The owner of the car mopped his bald head and asked various questions. One of his conclusions was:

"Bring up a boy on a farm! It makes him handy and reliant. I have always preached it. You are a human document in the case, Joe. Now you know why I have bought the old Bickford farm, near Newmarket. I have four boys, including twins."

"Say, think of buying shoes for 'em! Well, you keep on diggin' around the front wheels while I get the team."

Half an hour later the buried car surged out of the hole. The owner insisted that a five dollar bill was little enough to pay for the service. Joe accepted it with thanks, saying that he supposed the laborer was worthy of his hire.

"I want you to come to my place and





get acquainted," exclaimed the grateful motorist. "My name is Hamilton Bruce. I write books for a living. Some of them are about boys."

"You are an author?" gasped Joseph. "The Hamilton Bruce who wrote all the stories that fill a whole shelf in our town library? Why, I've read 'most every one! And you're going to live within five miles of

Wingfield? Now I know why you didn't show more sense when your car got stuck. It's the artistic temperament."

"You said it, Joe," replied Mr. Hamilton Bruce, laughing. "My wife and you will get on famously. She insults me in precisely the same manner."

"My goodness, I didn't mean anything, Mr. Bruce," faltered Joseph. "You see, my

best chum is afflicted that way. I know all about it."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Bruce. "Be sure to bring him with you. What is his particular weakness?"

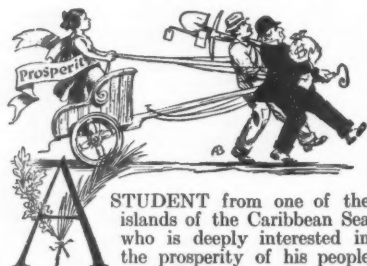
"Oh, he can't express himself. Nobody listens. He's full of stories and things, right up to the ears. Say, Mr. Bruce, I have a hunch. This Sidney Torr has a great idea

on his mind, and something simply has to be done about it. If a man of your reputation took an interest in it, I'll bet he could put it across."

"You tell him that I shall be glad to listen, Joe. And with you to help jack her up and yank her out, I don't see how we can fail."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## WHAT CAPITALISM DOES By Prof. T. N. Carver



**A** STUDENT from one of the islands of the Caribbean Sea who is deeply interested in the prosperity of his people says that conditions on his island have noticeably improved within his memory. Laborers are getting higher wages, and everyone has more of the good things of life than he had twenty years ago. Formerly many of the young people went to other countries to find work, but now they find as good jobs at home as they could find abroad. He also tells me that the improvement came when some English and American capitalists invested about two million dollars in productive industries on the island. He naturally suspects that the investment of that capital and the development of those industries may have had something to do with the rise in wages and the increase in general prosperity. His reasoning is probably sound.

### EFFECT ON THE LABOR MARKET



Several observations may be made regarding that situation. To begin with, the improvement was not owing to the fact that it was English or American capital that was invested. It was because it was capital, and because it was wisely invested. If the capital had been accumulated and invested with equal wisdom by anyone else, it would have done quite as much good. In fact, if it had been accumulated by the people on the island and invested as carefully and as wisely, it would probably have done more good. But inasmuch as it had not been accumulated on the island it was a fortunate thing for the laborers that it was brought in from the outside. The same may be said of the situation anywhere else. If the laborers would or could accumulate their own capital and invest it as wisely as capitalists are now investing their own, it would be still better for the laborers; but until they are able to save and invest for themselves it is a good thing for them that some one else saves and invests. They will be able to accumulate their own capital out of the higher wages they are now getting more easily than they could out of the low wages that they would be getting if no one else invested any capital in productive industries.

Another interesting fact about the changes that took place on the Caribbean island is that they were on a relatively small scale. Establishing a single large industry was enough to produce noticeable results. The improvement of conditions came so promptly after the establishment of the industry as to leave no doubt in the mind of anyone that the establishment of the industry was a cause of the improvement in the conditions. In a great country like the United States, with such vast accumulations of capital already in existence and so many great industries already running, the results of investing a

couple of millions of new capital and starting a new industry would not be so noticeable. They would seem like mere drops in a bucket. It is probable, however, that the investment of as much capital as that and the development of a new industry of the same size would employ as many men in this country as they employed on the island. The only difference is that it would not have so great an effect on the larger labor market of this large country.

The essential thing to remember is that in any country, large or small, the investment of capital in a new and productive industry and the wise management of that industry always increase the demand for labor as well as its productivity. The increase in the demand for labor may merely increase the number employed and correspondingly decrease the number of the unemployed. If the workers of the island were only partly employed,—which was surely the case, since many of them had to emigrate to find jobs,—and if the new industry enabled them all to find employment at home, the laborers as a body gained, even though they got no higher rate of wages. On the other hand, the increase in the demand for labor may do much more than reduce the number of the unemployed. It may increase the wages of those who are already employed. It may even attract laborers from other islands and create an immigration problem instead of an emigration problem on the island where the improvement has taken place. If laborers from other islands where there was unemployment came in large numbers to the island where there was an increasing demand for labor, the laborers of the world would gain, even though the laborers already on the island get no higher wages than before.

That, however, could hardly happen. If there was so little demand for labor on the island as to make it impossible for the existing supply of labor to find employment, the almost necessary result would be low wages even for those who were employed. If as a result of the change the demand for labor should afterwards exceed the local supply, the almost necessary result would be a rise in wages for those already on the island. The only effects of immigration to the island would be, first, to stop the rise of wages and to prevent them from rising as far as they would if there were no immigration; and, second, to enable a larger number of laborers to earn wages at the existing rate.

It is not improbable that some citizen of that island, less enlightened than my student friend, may even now be contending that this investment of capital is injurious to the island or to the laborers who live there. He could point to the money that goes out of the island to pay interest to the investors, and he could assert that those interest payments are just so much subtracted from the income of the people of the island or of the laborers who work in the industry where the capital is invested. He would, if he were not quite honest, fail to point out that the total income of the islanders has so increased as to enable them to pay the interest and still have more left for themselves than they would otherwise have had, or that the capitalists had added more to the total income of the island than they were subtracting from it, or that this is one of those numerous cases in which both parties to a business

arrangement gain something, and in which one does not necessarily lose all that the other gains.

It is of course true, as suggested above, that, if the people of the island had accumulated their own capital and had invested it as wisely as the foreign capitalists invested theirs, they would be even better off than they are now. That is to say, the wise investment of their own capital would have raised their own pay quite as much as the investment of foreign capital raised it, and they would now be receiving interest in addition to their high wages. That, however, in no way obscures the fact that their wages were raised through the investment of the foreign capital, and that, since they did not have capital of their own to invest, it was a good thing for them that foreign capital had come in.

### COMMUNISTS AND CAPITAL



Our own laborers in this country are frequently told that capitalists are robbing them of their wages. In proof it is pointed out that a part of the product of the industry in which laborers are employed goes to pay interest on capital owned by others. That is not a thoroughly ingenious argument, for it does not point out to the laborers how much more productive the industry is because of the wise investment of capital than it would otherwise be, or that in spite of the interest charges the laborers receive more wages than they could possibly receive if large sums of capital had not been wisely invested in the industry. Of course it is true of them, as of the islanders, that, if they had themselves accumulated their own capital and had invested it in their own industry as wisely as others invested it, their wages would be quite as high as they now are, and they would be receiving interest besides. They would be both laborers and capitalists and getting both incomes. But inasmuch as they had not accumulated their own capital it is a good thing for them that some one else did accumulate some. They are at least getting better wages than they would otherwise be getting.

Even those who inveigh against capitalism and deny that the capitalist does any good or earns anything for himself when he invests capital in a productive industry are compelled to change their tune when they face a practical situation. Russian communism was not strictly a revolt against czarism, since czarism had already been overthrown. It purported to be a revolt against capitalism and, like all communism, was based partly upon the proposition that labor produces all wealth and that, therefore, whatever the capitalist gets is necessarily just so much subtracted from wages. They are now clamoring for capital and trying to borrow it from the outside world. Even the expedient of issuing unlimited money does not supply capital, for the very simple and obvious reason that money is not capital. Capital consists of tools, machines, buildings and everything else of a material nature used in production except land. Money is only a means of purchasing such things. When the money you issue will not purchase them it does you no good.

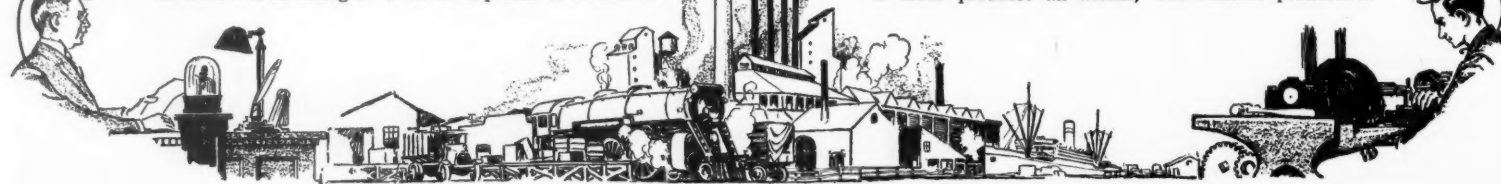
If labor produces all wealth,

### CAPITAL IS NOT PARASITIC



In the efforts of the Russian government to borrow capital in this country its agents make use of some sound economic arguments. They tell us that the Russian workmen have land and raw material, but that they need capital and are willing to pay for it. We are urged to help them to help themselves. We are reminded that it is much better to invest capital in Russia so as to give jobs to Russians than it is to give them charity. That is undoubtedly a sound argument. It is a pity that it is not convincing both to themselves and to all others who oppose capitalism. The reason it is not convincing is that it is so directly contrary to the whole theory and practice of communism. In order to argue that the Russian laborer should be helped to help himself they are compelled to deny communism and to accept capitalism completely or at least without any material qualification.

What capitalism does is to equip laborers with tools, machines, buildings, raw materials and whatever else is necessary for efficient production.





Before the days of mechanical inventions when tools were simple and inexpensive it did not take much capital to equip a given number of laborers. Now it takes a large amount. That is the only essential change that has taken place in the nature of capitalism. Now, no group of laborers could hope to earn good wages unless they were supplied from some source with a very expensive equipment. If they equip themselves, they are then their own capitalists.

That is a desirable end toward which to work, but it should be pursued by peaceable means. The workers in a shoe factory, for example, must have buildings, machines and leather that were made by other laborers. Those other laborers must be paid for their products. If the shoemakers themselves buy the buildings, machines and leather, they become their own capitalists. If some third group buys the buildings, machines and leather, then the members of that third group become the capitalists in the shoe industry. There seems to be no better reason for dispossessing them without their consent than for dispossessing the original producers. So long as the owners of the equipment acquire their ownership by peaceful purchase we have capitalism, whether the purchasers be the laborers themselves or some one else. Enlightened governments recognize not only the right of the maker of a thing to own it but also the right of the purchaser to keep it.

Some think that the government should own all the capital and see that laborers are

equipped with the necessary buildings, machines, raw materials, and so forth, and pay the laborers their wages. In other words, they think that the government should do exactly what capitalists are now doing. Yet instead of acknowledging the important part that capitalists are now playing in industry, they denounce capitalists and capitalism, even asserting that capitalists are a parasitic class. If so, why should they want the government to do exactly what capitalists are now doing? Again, they say that instead of being an aid in production capital is merely a means of robbing the laborer. If that is all it does, why should the government own it?

If capital is not an aid in production, but only a means of robbing the laborers, wages and prosperity should have declined on the island of our student friend after the new fund of capital came in. Instead of that they rose. There is evidently something wrong with the theory that capital is parasitic. If capitalists were parasites and capital a means of extortion, we ought to find prosperity everywhere declining in proportion as capitalists and capital increase. But prosperity increases. If laborers really believe that capitalists are robbing them by means of capital, we should expect them to emigrate from places where capital is accumulating and seek places where it is decreasing. Instead they do just the opposite. Here are some hard nuts for those to crack who deny the usefulness of capital and capitalists.

## PROFIT AND LOSS

By Harriet Lummis Smith

HELEN was sitting on the top of a stepladder. It seemed to her that most of the time for two weeks she had either been sitting on the top of a stepladder or else sitting on the floor, pounding tacks and rapping her thumb occasionally when her thoughts wandered. At the moment she was dusting the picture mouldings in the room that would be the dining room when they were settled. So far they had eaten all their meals in the kitchen.

Helen was dressed for the part. A long-sleeved apron enveloped her from head to foot, and her hair was protected with a towel wound round her head like a turban. Her hands, encased in rubber gloves, handled the duster effectively. But her lowering expression suggested that her thoughts were engrossed in something even less pleasing than her occupation.

A sudden explosive remark from the top of the stepladder confirmed a suspicion that had grown in the mind of Helen's mother. "I'm done with doing favors!" Helen announced impressively.

Mrs. Cummings, a gentle little woman, engaged in sorting the family silver, stopped short. "Why, Helen, what do you mean?" "Exactly what I say. If I do anything nice for anybody the rest of my life, it'll be because there's something in it for me."

"O Helen, don't talk that way!" "If I feel that way, I might as well say it, mightn't I? It's doing favors that's responsible for everything that has gone wrong with us for the last two years. If father hadn't lent Mr. Humphrey that money, he wouldn't have failed, and we'd be back home instead of being dumped down here in a city of strangers."

"I'm sure," protested Mrs. Cummings, "that it's fortunate for us all that your father got such a good position."

"It's fortunate compared with having him out of a job, but it's bad luck compared with the way things would have been if he hadn't done so many favors for people. Look at me!" Helen's duster hung loosely in her relaxed fingers. She had forgotten the reason for her elevated seat. "I was sure of a church position in a few months, but now we're off in a part of the world where nobody knows us, and I'll have to begin all over again."

An imperative ringing of the doorbell interrupted her plaint. Mrs. Cummings moved toward the front door, but Helen's voice arrested her: "Stop, mother, I'll go. Your face is all streaked with dust."

She descended the stepladder, peeling off her gloves as she came. The bell rang again as she reached the bottom step, but, unmindful of the impatience of the invisible

caller, Helen slipped out of her apron and removed her turban; then she went to answer the summons.

The trim maid upon the doorstep was apparently just getting ready to ring again, but as Helen appeared she heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "You're the young lady who sings, aren't you?"

"Why, yes, I do sing." "Then would you mind stepping over to the next house? Miss Vivian wants to speak to you."

Helen stood staring. Her two weeks of residence in the strange city had been so fully occupied that she had found out very little about her neighbors. She was aware, however, that on the other side of the double house lived a girl nearly her own age who, like herself, was musical, for she had often heard her singing.

"Do you mean that she really—" she began and stopped, not quite sure what she wished to say.

The young woman on the doorstep seemed to resent her hesitation. "Oh, if you'd only hurry!" she cried. "Miss Vivian feels so bad."

This was more and more bewildering. "Are you sure I'm the one she wants to see?" Helen exclaimed. "Isn't there some mistake?"

"Oh, no, miss; I'm sure you're the one, and she says won't you please come quick."

Instinctively Helen put her hands to her disheveled hair, cast a disapproving glance at her costume and finally called over her shoulder, "I'm going over to the next house for a minute, mother. I'll be back right away."

Then with a deep breath she followed the messenger, who at the first announcement of her intention, had started briskly away.

The other side of the double house was disconcertingly familiar and yet unfamiliar, but Helen had only time for the most cursory thoughts about the house, for at once her attention was attracted and absorbed by the discovery of two girls in the room to the right of the hall.

"The young lady's here, Miss Vivian," said the maid. And then turning to Helen, "Will you please walk in?"

Entering the room, Helen at once identified "Miss Vivian" as the pretty girl who sat leaning back in an armchair with her foot on another chair.

"How do you do," Vivian greeted her gayly. "I hope you don't think one of your new neighbors is insane, sending for you this way! But I'm in a terrible fix. Perhaps I'd better stop

long enough to say that I'm Vivian Knox, and this is my friend Rhoda Vincent. I haven't any idea what your name is."

"Helen Cummings." "Well, now that we're properly introduced, I'll go on with my story. I'm due to sing at Pearson's department store, at their broadcasting studio, in exactly three quarters of an hour. As I was starting downstairs ten minutes ago I slipped and fell. At first I thought I'd killed myself, but evidently that was a mistake. I've only sprained my ankle."

"You ought to be doing something for it," interrupted Helen, glancing at the injured member.

"I'll attend to it when I get this other thing fixed. You're musical too, I know, for I've heard you singing around the house, and I sent for you because I thought perhaps you'd take my place."

"Oh, I don't think I'd better," Helen began hurriedly. "I don't know anything about radio—"

"You don't need to. You just stand up and sing, and there's a little instrument that does the rest."

"And I'm out of practice." "But your voice is lovely. I was listening to you this morning."

"And I ought to go through my songs with my accompanist."

"That will be Rhoda; she's a wizard at accompanying. Besides, in a cab you can get down in twenty minutes, and that will give you time to run over a song or two."

"O dear!" Helen exclaimed in real distress. "I don't see how I possibly can."

The tears rushed to the other girl's eyes. "Oh, please, please!" she pleaded. "Mrs. Dillon—she's one of the ones who has the broadcasting in charge—has been perfectly dear to me, and I'd hate awfully to fail her. Of course there's nothing in it in the way of pay, you know, but it's quite a bit of fun, and lots of people hear you and—oh, won't you please go?"

She paused, looking up appealingly, and Helen realized that she could not refuse. "Why, if you really feel like that," she said helplessly, "I suppose I'll have to." She was a little impatient with herself for capitulating. Even if she had not announced less than half an hour before her resolution to do no more favors, she was clearly under no obligation to inconvenience herself in order to oblige Vivian Knox, who had been a total stranger to her until that moment. What would her mother say to her leaving her work and rushing off on such a wild-goose expedition.

"I'll wait for you here," said Rhoda Vincent, speaking for the first time. "And if we have a few minutes, we'll go over your songs."

Helen rushed away. She made a superficial toilet in frantic haste, trying as she dressed to explain to her mother just what she was going to do. There were several songs in her music roll, and she snatched it up without looking to see what they were and hurried away. When she arrived at the next house she was panting.

"I'm afraid I haven't enough breath for

singing," she apologized, "but I'll hum these through if we have time."

The cab came before she had quite finished, and the two girls whirled away. There was no time to spare. They reached the store with only three minutes at their disposal; the elevator shot them up to the seventh story, and Rhoda led the way to a door the large glass windows of which showed a small gathering of people in the small room beyond it. Rhoda conducted Helen inside. Then, approaching a stout, dark-haired woman whom she seemed to know very well, she explained Helen's presence.

Helen thought that the dark-haired woman, who she guessed was the Mrs. Dillon of whom Vivian had spoken, looked a little anxious at first and then seemed reassured. Certainly when she came over and shook Helen's hand she did not appear at all apprehensive. "So good of you to help us out! Now let me be sure that I have your name correctly." She wrote it down and then, turning to her desk, picked up a letter and tossed it to the girls. "Read that," she said casually; "it will inspire you to do your best."

The letter dropped into Helen's lap, and she opened it, feeling glad of something to distract her thoughts, for she felt unwontedly nervous about singing. The enclosure was written in pencil. She read:

Dear WKI: You've never heard of me, so probably it will surprise you to know that I regard you as my fairy godmother. I'm so full of thankfulness that I simply can't bottle it up any longer.

I'm what they call a shut-in. It's an awful word, isn't it, and the word doesn't begin to express the awfulness of the thing. I'm just twenty, and I haven't been out of this room for a little more than three years. I don't suffer much—not what they call pain, but only from the dreadful sameness. Spring and summer are different from winter only because my window can stay open.

Dear WKI, I'm not writing this to complain, but only to explain. Two months ago some one gave me a little radio outfit. She said that it wasn't an expensive one and that probably I couldn't hear for any great distance. But I don't need to. If I could only hear what goes on in this city I'd feel like saying my prayers a hundred times a day.

I lie here in my bed and hear organ concerts and lectures and sermons, and every afternoon at three I listen in for your programme. Some days are nicer than others, but generally I feel that the last one is the nicest of all.

Long life and prosperity to you, dear WKI. You've waved your wand, and instead of being a shut-in I'm a traveler on a magic carpet. At three o'clock tomorrow I shall be one of your audience.

Your grateful godchild,  
Eunice Evans.

Mrs. Dillon had crossed the room and was standing at Helen's elbow as she finished.

"Well, doesn't that give you inspiration?" she asked.

Helen's eyes were misty as she looked up. "Yes, indeed! Do you often get letters like that?"

"We get a great many letters, but not many like that—with so much personality,

Outside the glass windows groups of people stood watching





you know. But I imagine that the ones who can't say it as well feel just as grateful."

She stopped abruptly and faced about. The studio became very still. A man had come into the room and was speaking:

"Now, remember, folks, when this red light is on any sound is broadcast all over the country. Don't cough if you can help it or make any other unnecessary noise."

He took his stand before an odd-looking little instrument that Helen afterward learned was the microphone and pressed a button. As the red light flashed on he began to speak: "This is Pearson's Broadcasting station WKI. We will open our programme this afternoon with a violin solo, Schumann's Träumerei, rendered by Master Arthur Whitman, Miss Mildred New at the piano."

A boy of not more than thirteen advanced with his violin and took his place before the microphone, and his accompanist went to the piano. As he began to play Helen's thoughts flew to the invalid girl who had written the letter. She fancied her listening to the immortal melody, and her imagination painted a face against a pillow—a thin face with big eager eyes and pale lips that just now were smiling.

Helen came third on the programme. She might have been thrilled to think that possibly she had auditors a hundred or a thousand miles away, but as a matter of fact she was thinking of the girl who had written that letter.

"This is Pearson's Broadcasting Station, WKI. The next number will be From the Land of the Sky-blue Water, by Cadman, rendered by Miss Helen Cummings; Miss Rhoda Vincent at the piano."

Helen stood up before the little instrument and sang from her heart. She sang straight to the girl lying in bed. Outside the glass windows groups of people stood watching curiously. It was strange to think that people halfway across the country could hear her better than those not twenty feet away. Later Helen sang again.

Mrs. Dillon came and thanked her at the conclusion of the programme. "I should like your address. Perhaps some day you'll help us out again."

"I'd be glad to," Helen said, still thinking of the invalid girl. "And I'm glad you want me. I didn't feel at all satisfied with my singing today. I seemed to have so little voice."

Mrs. Dillon laughed. "Oh, everybody feels that way the first time. It's the studio, you know; the walls and ceilings are padded. But you did well."

When Helen reached home she stopped to inquire about Vivian's ankle. The maid ushered her in, disappeared a moment and then came back to say, "Miss Vivian would like you to walk upstairs."

Vivian was in bed, but she was cheerful. "The doctor says I'll have to be quiet for a week anyway. How did things go?"

Helen sat down beside her and told the story of her afternoon. When Vivian began to thank her she interrupted her hastily: "Oh, please don't. I'll admit I didn't want to go, but now I'm so glad that I did. I really had a good time. This morning I was so blue and homesick, and this afternoon all that feeling is gone."

"Were you homesick?" Vivian asked. "I've been awfully excited over having another girl just the other side of the partition wall, but I didn't want to frighten you by pouncing on you before you had time to get settled. And then this happened, and I couldn't wait. I hope we're going to be friends after this."

Helen's heart was full. She put out her hand, found Vivian's and gave it a little squeeze. "I think I'm lucky to have such a nice neighbor," she said.

Two days later a letter reached her, directed in care of the Pearson Company's broadcasting station. For a moment she hoped that it was from Eunice Evans. Then she realized that the businesslike stationery was not what Eunice would be likely to use. And the letter was as businesslike as the stationery. It went straight to the point.

Dear Miss Cummings: Would you consider taking a church position at a moderate salary? I heard you sing from Broadcasting Station WKI on Wednesday and was much pleased

with your voice. If you are desirous of taking the position, it will be necessary for you to sing before our music committee, but I am confident that their verdict will be favorable. Kindly let me know your decision as soon as possible.

Yours truly,  
H. D. Bradley.

Helen stood looking at the letter; her rapture was oddly chastened. She could not help thinking that two days before she had repeatedly asserted that she would never again do a favor unless she knew it would bring her some advantage. Two days before

she had been a stranger in a strange land. Now she had a good start toward friendship with two girls whose tastes were like her own and had been virtually offered the church position that was the present goal of her ambitions.

The same thought was in Mrs. Cummings' mind when she had finished the letter. She looked up with a queer little smile.

"It's lucky, Helen, that you didn't stand by that resolution you made the other day."

"Oh, mother, it's not like you to rub it in!

And you ought to know I'm ashamed of myself."

The mother's hand rested a moment on the girl's shoulder. "We've had a hard experience, Helen, but the greatest injury it could do us would be to make us feel that kindness cost too much. We lose by them sometimes just as your father did, but as a general thing kindness is the investment that pays best."

Helen blinked hard.

"At any rate," she said, "this one has paid about a million times better than I deserve!"

## LINEY LEADS THE WAY

By Charles Tenney Jackson

DRAWINGS BY  
RODNEY THOMSON



The brutes were slipping and fighting on the grade

**B**UD FARWELL jumped up instantly when Frady, the freight conductor stuck his head into the dark little caboose and repeated his warning: "You boys get forward on top of this train, I tell you! We're goin' to cut it right ahead of your horse car! The rails have spread there where the water's eaten the grade away, and we've got to save what we can pull out!"

Bud hardly waited for the end of the conductor's hurried explanation. He swung out on the forward platform of the caboose, climbed the hand rail to the first box car and stood a moment, staggered by the wind and rain. On either side of the grade along which the train was stalled he saw nothing except swift brown water under the driving mist. He couldn't even see the engine at the end of the long line of car tops. As he leaped from one car to another he came to the mid-section, where five of them slanted out towards the flooded Brazos Valley.

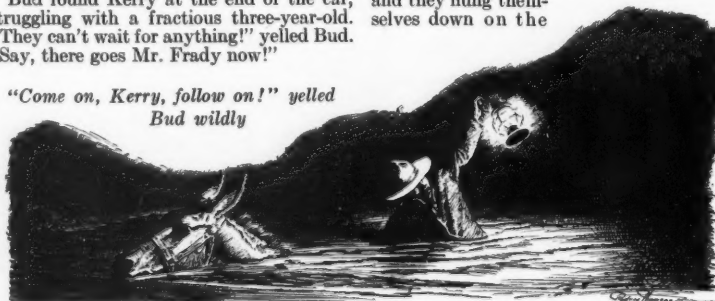
"Kerry's down there in the car with the horses!" muttered Bud, and when he came to the stock car in which his father was shipping to the Kansas City market he swung down and into the open door.

Fourteen draft horses and a span of big mules were stalled along the sides of the car, and it was so dark and the beat of the rain so fierce on the top of the car that Bud could not make his cousin hear his shouts at first.

"The crew's gone forward; they're going to abandon half this train, Kerry, because the track's washing out under it. Hi—Kerry!"

Bud found Kerry at the end of the car, struggling with a fractious three-year-old. "They can't wait for anything!" yelled Bud. "Say, there goes Mr. Frady now!"

"Come on, Kerry, follow on!" yelled  
Bud wildly



The boys heard heavy, hurried footsteps on the run board along the top of the car. Kerry straightened up in the dark stall and stared.

"This car's beginning to lean out to the right, Bud. I knew something was the matter—"

"The rail's spread! Come on—!" Then Bud stopped. "Say, we—we'd lose all father's stock, Kerry! My! I hope it doesn't mean that!"

"You go ask the conductor to wait! Tell him we've got to give the stock a chance. A rancher don't leave animals in a mess! We can drive them out and give 'em a chance on the grade. The water won't come much higher!"

"You don't know about this river!" said Bud. "Well, come on!" he added. "The crew's got to give us a minute for the horses!"

Bud swung out and up to the top of the car. Kerry followed him, and they ran forward, leaping from car to car. And then Kerry suddenly brought up against his comrade, who was crouched over in the wind, staring at tumultuous, dirty water whirling over the track. The boys shouted together. They could just see the dim end of a freight car vanishing in the driving scud. "He wouldn't have left us," muttered Kerry. "He thought we had run forward and were in one of the empties out of the rain or up in the engine cab!"

The two Texas boys stood alone on the string of nine freight cars with the caboose at the end. The caboose offered the only shelter except the stock car, for every other one held sealed freight.

All the afternoon the slow freight had struggled along the inundated right of way. The flood in the upper Brazos Valley seemed to cover the world; neither to right nor to left could they now see any sign of land except one dim line of willows off on the river side. Frady had said that the dispatchers had made a mistake in ordering him to take the freight out of the flooded area.

"Well, I reckon we'd better go back and get out of the rain," grumbled Kerry. "Somebody'll get the stock away when this storm lets up. The caboose is all right,—steady as a rock."

They climbed down in the stuffy warmth of the caboose and looked out the glass door at the end. It was comfortable enough there; there were good bunks, plenty of bread and coffee and a little oil stove to cook on. Kerry lit the brass lamp, and they flung themselves down on the

leather-covered seat. In a few moments they couldn't see a thing at the windows except the spattering rain. The caboose shook slightly in the bursts of wind.

"Let's have some coffee," said Bud. "It's a grand old blow, but it wouldn't hurt anything if the river weren't out of its banks from the flood up above. Say, we've got to feed the animals by lantern light, Kerry."

"If your father were along, he'd be worried sick about the stock, wouldn't he?" said Kerry. "But he knows we'll see this car through, Bud," he added after a silence. "You didn't mean a while ago that we'd leave the animals, did you?"

"No, sir! But I just hadn't thought it out. The trainmen must have thought it was pretty bad, but of course their duty was with their train. They had to save what they could. If the water'd got into some of the cars it would have ruined stuff for the railroad company to pay for, I guess!"

"When they find we aren't on the other section they'll try to get us off in the morning. But our stock car—" Kerry got up restlessly and wiped the glass. "It's pretty close to the washout, Bud! I'm kind of worried!"

Bud rattled the knives and forks cheerfully after he set the coffee pot on the table. They were both silent for a while. It was pitch dark when Kerry opened the door. The wind and the murmur of water dashing about the car steps made him thoughtful.

"Bud, let's get up there. The water's pretty close to the floor here, and, if the grade's washing badly forward, it might throw the cars over. Anyhow, if the stock car gets a slant, it'll take you and me both to keep the animals quiet. If they get in a panic, some'll get hurt!"

Bud examined the last mouthful of bread and corned beef into his mouth. "Come on! Take your overcoat; I reckon we'll spend the night here, Kerry! Just a man there among 'em will help matters."

With the trainmen's lantern Kerry led the way in the wind and dark. At the last car before he reached the stockman's he stopped abruptly. "This top's slantin' pretty steep, Bud! I hear the animals stompin' around! There's the big line-back mule cuttin' loose with his fog horn!"

They heard a dismal, lonesome bray from the stock car. When Kerry climbed down to the side door he gasped to discover how steep the pitch had become since he had left it. Inside the car Bud pulled the door shut and stared at Kerry. "Boy," he said. "I don't like this! Did you see the cars ahead? The last one is over the grade on its side, and two more are leaning out. It means the water's cutting the grade closer and closer to us."

"It must be pretty soft under this car," muttered Kerry. "Say, we'd better get 'em out, Bud. The water's over the floor at one end. We can't manage 'em when the car leans worse than it is now."

He raised the lantern. The horses in the stalls turned scared eyes towards them, and the big line-back mule raised his mournful, ear-splitting cry. Then both the mules upreared and fought their halters wildly.

"Old Liney's wise," muttered Bud. "He always led the home herd at the ranch. Trust a mule for caution when he feels he's in a tight fix. He wants to get out of here."

Kerry tried to soothe a struggling colt. "Whoa, lad! Maybe we'd better get 'em off, Bud. They could fight back on the grade where the footing is solid and stick it out behind the caboose! I tell you the tracks and everything are going to wash out at this end!"

"Get old Liney ahead of 'em. They'll



follow that old mule because they always have. Yes, sir, seems like I can feel this car heavin' out with the wind and water against the other side. We'd lose three thousand dollars' worth of stock if the car turned over. Lead old Liney out. Lead him along the car and tie him to a rail."

Contrary to their expectations the big tan-colored mule with the line of black along his spine jumped headlong into the water and seemed to feel satisfied with the ground under his feet. Bud slipped down nearly to his shoulders and led Liney two cars up in the darkness before he tied him. Then he floundered back. Kerry was having a bad time with the younger horses. They struggled and fought on the slippery, slanting floor, and the dim lantern light aided little. But, yelling and pounding and jerking, Bud outside in the dark, and Kerry behind the horses in the car, they battled for the animals' lives.

"Fourteen—and the black mule!" shouted Kerry, and he grabbed the lantern and swung out the door.

The brutes were slipping and fighting on the grade, and they all were neighing and whinnying in fright. Kerry swung down from the door and tried to crowd past them towards the caboose.

"I can feel the water boiling up under the ties, Bud! I told you this car wouldn't stand the pressure long. Now get 'em along the grade!"

"You can't drive 'em!" yelled Bud from the darkness ahead. "Get up here with the light! I'm on old Liney; maybe they'll follow us."

Kerry waded and shouted among the horses. He stumbled along until he could put his lantern up to Bud's dripping hand. "Got to get out of here," gasped Kerry. "In half an hour these cars'll be off the bank!"

Kerry swung up on old Liney's teammate. The mob of horses behind struggled for foothold along the cars. As soon as Bud untied the halter line-back mule plunged on in the dark. Bud began to count the cars. The only plan they had was to assemble the horses on the firmer roadbed behind the caboose and brave out the night in its shelter. Bud saw the light of the caboose now through the rain. He was passing the dim windows, and he began to pull on old Liney's halter rope. "Whoa, boy! Whoa, here! Whoa!"

But the big mule had his head down. He went plunging past the end of the caboose, stumbled over the rail and waded on blindly and stubbornly.

Bud turned in alarm to Kerry on the mule behind him. "Say, I can't stop him! Better slide off, Kerry, and make the caboose!"

"You'd get killed there in the water!" yelled Kerry. "The horses are all fighting up for the track, and it's dark as pitch."

"Whoa, Liney!" howled Bud again despairingly. "I can't head him up!"

A burst of wind cut off Kerry's answer, but it sounded like, "Let him go!" Indeed Bud could do nothing else. The water was to his knees, and to reach the stranded train back among the panic-stricken animals was a desperate chance.

Then a sudden hope came to Bud as he crouched low on the mule's back, holding the halter rope with one hand and the lantern with the other. Perhaps old Liney, with some blind instinct, knew where he was going on the miles of flooded railway track? But how many washouts were ahead? The sandy soil must have given way in any number of places where culverts and bridges gave insufficient exit to the waters piled on the windward side.

Old Liney trudged on steadily through the dirty water. Bud watched to see whether it deepened on his flanks. He shouted back to Kerry to know whether the horses were following the lantern light. Kerry could see only two behind the black mule that he was riding.

"If he'd just hold up and wait," muttered Bud, "we'd game it out on the grade. But you can't argue with a mule—he's plunging on. If he goes into a washout, we're goners!"

Ten minutes more of breasting the flood and old Liney suddenly stopped. He pointed his wet ears forward and would not budge. Once he snorted and looked to the right doubtfully; then he was as still as stone.

"What's the matter?" yelled Kerry.

"The horses are bunching up behind me on top of the grade. Are you stuck, Buddy?"

"Me and this mule are thinking," retorted Bud. "But he's the only one that knows what we're thinking about!"

Then suddenly with an obstinate snort old Liney turned. He fairly eddied round in the water, but he didn't start back. Bud gave a frightened cry when the big mule plunged straight down the grade, swimming off in the dark. Seizing his mane, Bud flattened out along his back. He heard his comrade shout, and then he managed to swing the lantern above water. It just showed old Liney's ears and neck above the current, and there was nothing to do except hang to that tough, stubby mane and let him go. He had a dumb faith that his father's horses would follow the old lead mule if they could. With one hand clenched in Liney's hair he swung the other aloft with the lantern above his face. At times a rush of water almost made him lose his hold. In the miles of the dark and flooded valley a fellow would not know where to swim even if he had the strength!

"Come on, Kerry, follow on!" yelled

Bud wildly, but he couldn't tell whether Kerry was following or not. If Kerry's mule had refused to follow, there was no way to make him. And if the black mule had balked at the swim, the horses probably would not take it either. Bud thought despairingly of his comrade cut off and alone on the flooded railway tracks.

"We're driftin' downstream—" Bud gasped. "Old Liney's giving up! Then we'll all be beat out in the flood—horses and us too!"

Then something came crashing over his head. It was the limb of a willow!

When Bud tried to struggle round another struck him. Liney was plunging and slipping in a jungle of limbs swaying in the current. Despite all Bud could do the globe of his lantern smashed, and he clung to the old mule in pitch blackness.

But Liney was on ground now! He plunged on a step and drew himself up where the water just struck Bud's feet. Then Bud felt him swing his head round, and his teeth nibbled at the rider's leg. Bud slapped his flank and turned to yell into the dark. Three times with all his strength he halloed.

Then he heard a faint shout. "I'm in a tree," Kerry called. "The brutes are fighting into some willows! Oh, Buddy!"

"Hang to it!" howled Buddy. "It's hard land, and the current can't pull us out of the willows! Stick tight where you are!"

"I don't know where I am!" boomed Kerry. "The horses are passing me and lunging all about. But it's land!"

Bud lay out exhausted on Liney's wet back. The old mule would not move another foot. Driftage and timber battered in behind him on the tide, but he wouldn't give an inch. And there for what seemed interminable, weary hours Bud hung to his mount. The first glimmer of daylight showed submerged willow islets in all directions. The rain had stopped, but gray clouds were fleeing southward. Bud saw Kerry in the crotch of a big willow. He looked as if he wanted to reel off his perch and sleep. But he aroused and waved weakly.

"I counted eleven animals up on this ridge. The three colts are gone, Buddy. They didn't have any sense. Say, I see ground out of water up above us—a wrecked house in the drift, a chicken coop and a fence! We're on the bank of the river; it's always built higher than the back land because the floods leave more mud there!"

Bud slid off and staggered in water just above his knees. He waded to Kerry's perch and lifted a hand. "There'll be relief boats out searching this ridge today sure! All we've got to do is hang tight and wait."

"What do you think of that old fool mule anyhow?" said Kerry huskily. "He knew when to quit railroading and take to sea voyaging, didn't he?"

Old Liney's mule sense proved to have been trustworthy. The relief launches that picked up the castaways at noon reported that the stranded freight cars and most of the railway bank had crumbled and disappeared. A barge took eleven horses and two mules safe downriver before nightfall. And the next day Bud Farwell sent the following puzzling telegram back to his father's ranch:

"Shipping one line-back mule home. He isn't for sale, and he never will be! Buddy."

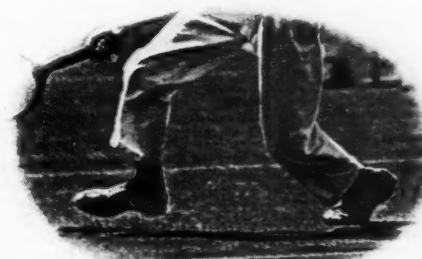


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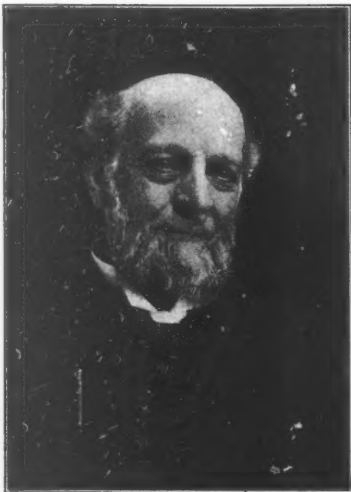
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Bishop Vincent

### FACT AND COMMENT

IT IS A VAIN MAN that grins to show how white his teeth are. People of sense avoid affectations.

He may not score, and yet he helps to win,  
Who makes the Hit that brings the Runner in.

THE BUSY HIGHWAY offers few temptations; it is when you turn into by-paths that you find the Devil waiting.

THE MODERN CITY needs playgrounds as much as it needs good streets, pure water, sewers and a safe way of disposing of its refuse. Automobiles are now so numerous that towns with ample playgrounds stand high in the esteem of parents.

PLACED AT THE TOP of curves and cliffs and at approaches to bridges, a close-woven wire fence painted white has proved to be a far better protection against automobile accidents than stone walls or wooden rails have been. Such a fence has both strength and resiliency. An automobile cannot break through it, and at reasonable speed a car that hits it neither is injured itself nor injures the fence.

A METEOROLOGIST who has been hunting for a spot that has a greater annual rainfall than Cherrapunji in India, where it is 424 inches, believes that he has found the place on the island of Kauai in Hawaii. There the central mountain peak is under a thick blanket of clouds from one year's end to another, and the government rain gauge has recorded a rainfall that averages 455 inches a year for the past eleven years.

FRANÇOIS APPERT, the Frenchman who a little more than a hundred years ago hit on the idea of preserving foods in hermetically sealed tins, was seeking a way to assure fresh food at sea; but his invention soon showed an even greater possibility of service in preventing the enormous waste of excess fruit, vegetables, fish and meats. Now the canning industry in the United States has an output that is worth more than a billion dollars a year.

"BLACK FLOUR," or pulverized coal, is a fuel that has lately been the subject of interesting experiments. The fuel is ground from coal screenings, which heretofore have had little commercial value. In cement kilns and electric-power plants where "black flour" has been tried it has burned with a much higher efficiency than lump coal. It is fed to the fire box by a blower and burns much like gas. To pulverize it costs only from thirty to fifty cents a ton.

THE CITY OF TEL-AVIV, which in 1909 was founded by a group of Russian Jews on a sandy waste near Jaffa in Palestine, is now a thriving place of more than fifteen thousand inhabitants. Of its fifteen hundred buildings nearly a third were built last year. Most of the residences are two-family concrete houses of the kind common in America. The city has a modern water supply, an electric-light plant and a sewer system. Its population is entirely Jewish.

LAWS TO PROTECT ELEPHANTS in Africa have apparently begun to accomplish their purpose, for the animals are again increasing in numbers. Only a few years ago more than fifty thousand elephants a year were slaughtered for their tusks, and it was feared that they would become as nearly

extinct in other parts of Africa as they are in the region south of the Zambesi. There is no longer any Cape market for ivory; most of the ivory trade now centres in Mozambique.

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### THE QUESTION OF THE FORESTS

LITTLE by little we Americans have awakened to the danger that our forests will be destroyed unless we adopt a well-thought-out, systematic policy of reforestation. At the last session of Congress the McNary-Clarke bill, so called, passed both houses in spite of the confusion in which so much legislation was buried, and President Coolidge promptly signed it. Although a great deal remains to be done before we can say that we have a practical and satisfactory system of restoring our cut-over forest lands, we have at least made a beginning. We have taken the first step toward salvaging eighty-one million acres of idle or barren land, all of which is suitable for raising timber of one kind or another.

The McNary-Clarke act authorizes the President to add to the existing national forests public lands that are chiefly valuable to protect watersheds or to produce timber. It enables the government to cooperate with the states, with private organizations and with citizens both in protecting wood lots and forests against fire and in planting and replanting lands suited to producing forests. The act carries an annual appropriation of \$2,700,000. A part of it will be spent in distributing seeds and in encouraging farmers to replant denuded wood lots, but the most of it will be apportioned among the states that have lands suitable for reforestation. Those states will be required to appropriate an amount equal to that received from the national government.

No one who needs to use lumber for any purpose can be ignorant that we are already beginning, as the French say, to pay "through the nose" for consuming our "inexhaustible" forests so extravagantly and for failing to begin years ago systematically to replant our waste lands. Compared with the value to the country of a restored forest growth, the cost of the reforesting is small. However, unless the states generally reform their ways of taxing woodlands government will have to bear nearly the entire expense of the undertaking. The private citizen who is asked to make an investment that will be profitable not to himself but to posterity, to pay on it a fairly high and gradually increasing tax and to risk the chance that it may at any time be destroyed by fire may be pardoned if he pauses to ask himself whether he is economically justified in doing so.

Business corporations that annually use a definite amount of lumber or pulpwood can afford better than individuals to restock their waste land, though most of them have so far found the burden of taxes so heavy that it pays them better to abandon the land they have cut over and to buy new land elsewhere. We do not know how practical it is to remit taxation on replanted forest land until the timber is ready to cut and then to collect from the owner a certain proportion of the proceeds; but we are sure that, if the states generally would adopt that plan, a great many more acres of waste land would be seeded to forest trees.

The farmer is not unwilling to do something for posterity, but he is not often so well-to-do that he can afford to pay taxes for thirty years on an investment that produces no current income.

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### THE WEAK LINK IN INDUSTRY

NO one may be able to say in advance what is the most important link in a chain, but if one link were weaker than the rest no one would be in doubt which link most needed strengthening. The weak link is not in itself any more important than any other, but to strengthen it is much more important than to strengthen any other. If some one improves that link, his work is more useful or productive than that of anyone who improves or strengthens one of the stronger links. All the productive work of the world is like that. It consists in strengthening weak links—of mending things that need mending.

Which is the more important element in production, labor or capital? No one can say. There are some situations, however, where it is more important to get additional laborers than to get additional capital. There are other situations in which the op-

posite is true. If a farmer lacked teams, tools or other equipment for his own labor and two men came along and offered to help him, one by furnishing enough equipment to make the farmer's own labor productive, and the other by giving the work of his hands, the farmer would naturally accept the offer of equipment rather than the offer of labor. He would know what to do with the team and the tools, for he could use them himself. He would not know what to do with the labor of an extra man, since he had not enough equipment even for his own labor. If all the farmers in the neighborhood were in the same situation,—that is, having not enough capital to equip their own labor,—the market for farm labor in that community would be poor, but the market for capital would be good.

If, on the other hand, the farmer had more teams and tools and other equipment than he could use himself, and if the same two men came along and made the same offers, he would then accept, not the offer of additional teams, tools and equipment, but the offer of the additional laborer. He would be willing to hire more labor but not willing to buy or hire any more equipment. If all the other farmers were in the same situation, every one of them would want some extra help, but no one of them would want any extra capital. The market for labor would then be good; the market for capital, poor.

These contrasted conditions really exist in different parts of the world. In many old countries especially, where capitalism is still in a primitive state, there is not enough capital properly to equip all the laborers. Such a country needs more capital and needs it intensely, but it does not need more labor. So long as that condition prevails labor will be poorly paid and capital will command high rates of interest. In this country, on the other hand, we have so much capital that we can equip all our laborers adequately. In fact, under a restricted immigration, it is somewhat difficult to find laborers enough to use all our equipment. Many industries need more laborers and need them keenly. So long as that condition prevails labor will be increasingly well paid and will continue to be better off than labor in lands that have not encouraged the accumulation of capital.

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### PLEASURE AND HAPPINESS

THE most fallacious of all fallacies is believing that the pursuit of pleasure leads to happiness. Most of the unhappiness that exists in the world is owing to the fact that multitudes of persons think they are seeking happiness when all they are seeking is pleasure.

The man who finds his keenest and highest enjoyment in his recreations is unlikely to be really happy. A man's happiness depends on the degree of satisfaction and enjoyment that he gets out of his work. If he has plenty of work to do, of a sort that is congenial to him and constructive, that requires the exercise of his higher faculties, that provides him with a reasonable return and that is constantly helping to develop his powers, he has the first essential to happiness. Joyful events, individual triumphs or successes, may irradiate his happiness from time to time, sorrows may shadow it. Whatever vicissitudes affect his life, so long as he has an occupation to which he is true and which is suited to his tastes, he is getting as full a measure of happiness as he can hope to have. It will not be materially increased by the pleasant diversions to which he sometimes turns, and it may even be diminished if he finds those diversions so fascinating that they withdraw his mind from his work.

On the other hand, persons who seek to fill with pleasure a void in their lives of which they are aware and which exists because they have no occupation that seems to them worth concentrating upon, or that gives congenial employment to their minds, are sure to suffer increasingly from depression and weariness of spirit. Nothing pall like pleasure unremittently pursued. The blasé, the disillusioned, the pessimistic, the cynical are all unhappy; there has been too much pleasure and too little work in their lives.

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### COMMUNISM IN THE UNITED STATES

FOR several years after the communists got control of Russia many persons both in Europe and in America were most uneasy lest communism, sprouting luxuri-

antly in an intellectual soil ploughed and harrowed by the great war, should endanger every established institution, political and social, all over the world. Their fear has proved groundless. Even in Italy and Germany, which the communists believed to be especially rich soil in which to sow their doctrines, conservatism has shown itself strong enough to kill off all the rank growths of Bolshevism. At the recent meeting of the Third International at Moscow the leaders admitted freely that since 1919 the number of communists outside Russia had steadily shrunk.

In the United States the weakness of the communists is apparent. There are a few active and tireless advocates of the proletarian dictatorship and the abolition of private property,—Mr. W. Z. Foster and Mr. C. E. Ruthenberg, for example,—but they make little headway. Whenever they appear they find that the people whom they wish to convert instead of listening eagerly to their arguments shy away from them. By attending the Farmer-Labor convention at St. Paul and influencing its proceedings they took all the life out of it. No one now takes seriously the ticket there nominated. The Federation of Labor will have none of them, though they have spared no effort to undermine the present leaders and to bring the trade-unions to ally themselves with Moscow. None of the political leaders who call themselves, or who are called, radical will cooperate with them. Senator La Follette, whom they have been especially eager to attach to their cause, is careful to avoid them. He does not want their support, for he knows it would be a source not of strength but of weakness to him.

Even the avowed communists in the United States are men of a complexion that their Russian brethren would consider shockingly pale. An intelligent newspaper correspondent, Mr. David Lawrence, who was present at St. Paul, found that the communist delegates were ready to defend the theory of communism, but that they hesitated to advocate an armed revolution to establish it. "Not many," he says, "would practice what they preach if it came to a show-down." His testimony tallies with that of the government detectives at the communists' trial last year; for they reported that even in the so-called communist organizations true-blue communists were hard to find.

The fact is that the United States is the least promising soil anywhere in the world for sowing Bolshevik propaganda. There is no political oppression here. We have ample opportunities to discuss political matters and abundant constitutional means for giving effect to our political opinions. Nowhere else is the national wealth so well distributed. There is almost no one who has not some property of which he does not wish to be deprived; and there are few indeed who by exercising a fair amount of industry and thrift cannot get—and increase—their share of the national estate. To the American citizen communism and red revolution have nothing to offer in the way of liberty or well-being.

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### FIFTY YEARS OF CHAUTAUQUA

ONE of the most characteristically American of our American institutions is celebrating this summer its semi-centennial. It was in 1874 that Dr. John H. Vincent—later a bishop of the Methodist Church—and Mr. Lewis Miller joined in establishing a summer institute to give Sunday-school teachers a better training. They decided to make it an outdoor school, so that their students might enjoy the natural charm of the woods and the health-giving air while they were storing their minds with learning. For the site of their experiment they chose Lake Chautauqua, one of the most beautiful spots in western New York. The Assembly, as they named it, succeeded from the first. It grew in a dozen directions. To the original course in Bible study and pedagogical method were soon added courses in philosophy, history, science and literature, in music and art, in travel and in social problems. A Home Reading Circle directed the efforts of thousands, and at last of millions, toward personal culture. Dr. Harper, who was afterward president of Chicago University, organized at Chautauqua a remarkable system of summer schools and another system of teaching by correspondence. The idea spread across the country like a prairie fire. Smaller assemblies modelled on the parent



institution on Lake Chautauqua were established and began to give the dwellers on the farms and in the smaller towns opportunities for intellectual and aesthetic cultivation that were new to them. Some of the greatest leaders in letters, statesmanship and religion have been proud to appear on the Chautauqua platform. No other institution of our time has so continually and so successfully ministered to that thirst for a broader and deeper knowledge of the best in the mental, artistic and spiritual life of the world which is characteristic of a pioneer nation at length blessed with the leisure that its earlier responsibilities denied it.

The original Chautauqua is now an imposing institution with a score of permanent buildings, the centre of a summer colony of at least fifty thousand persons, and has a carefully arranged system of summer schools, lecture courses, concerts and home readings that offers to every one who asks the essentials of a liberal education.

Some independent assemblies in other parts of the country perform a similar if somewhat narrower service. The work in the smaller towns and in the countryside is carried on by Chautauqua circuits, which have no organic connection with the original institution, but which under the management of professional providers of entertainment move from town to town, meet under canvas and offer programmes that are almost always creditable and often much more than that.

Chautauqua is no longer, as it was at first, a form of religious education, but the spirit of sincere, undogmatic religion and of continual aspiration to a higher life still dominates it. In the last fifty years it has done much to broaden and deepen and give color to our national life; and now at the end of a half century it seems to be endowed with undiminished vitality. We may expect its next fifty years of service to be no less distinguished than the last.

### DISCIPLINE

**D**ISCIPLINE must be imposed upon every group of men who are working together for the accomplishment of a definite purpose—who constitute, as it were, a machine. To a good many persons the word discipline conveys no idea beyond that of command and obedience, restraint and punishment; yet it is closely allied to "disciple," and properly it means the process of learning, of becoming a disciple. If those who administer discipline and those who undergo it could always keep that thought in the foreground of their minds, the word would not be so formidable and depressing as it is.

Of course discipline varies both in degree and in strictness, according to the nature of the work and sometimes according to the character of the men who are doing the work. In certain instances the idea of obedience and restraint must be emphasized; in certain others, promptness and attentiveness; in others again, patience and care. The discipline that prevails on a battleship is different in kind from that which prevails in a college. The discipline that has been found necessary in a shoe factory is somewhat more exacting than that required in the office and warerooms of the wholesaler. But discipline of some sort there must be in any occupation where men work together.

How valuable is the discipline of the job in relation to life outside the job? Usually it seems that the more the discipline consists in restraint and the inhibition of natural impulses and the more exacting it is in its prohibitory aspect the less value it has in matters unconnected with the routine of the job. Often it may even be detrimental. Grinding discipline is likely to produce bad reactions. It may give a technical expertness at doing a task, but it may also tend to make the subject lawless rather than law-abiding.

The discipline that is required for life is often different from that required for the job—or, more truly, it is always much more than that required for the job. A man may perform his work satisfactorily with the aid of nimble, competent fingers, alert eyes and a body trained to endure; yet with all those things may go a heart that is rebellious, a temper that is surly, a mind that is destructive; and all those characteristics will begin to manifest themselves as soon as the discipline of the job is relaxed and life apart from the job begins.

The discipline that is of the highest value in living is that which a man learns to impose on himself. When he has achieved the art of self-discipline, discipline from without is unnecessary for him; but if in the scheme

of things it continues to be exercised, he accepts it without chafing. Although self-discipline is most likely to be attained by those who are not subjected to discipline of the most rigidly restraining sort, it should not be beyond the reach of anyone.



## CURRENT EVENTS

**T**HE Democratic convention at New York was in almost every way in striking contrast to the Republican gathering at Cleveland. It was a noisy, picturesque, colorful occasion, dramatic from beginning to end, in which the differences between the delegates, instead of being quieted and concealed as they were at Cleveland, were emphasized by speeches, by demonstrations of applause and by actual fracas on the floor. There were some of the most extraordinary examples of concerted and organized

for the purpose of influencing his official conduct. The indicted men profess to be pleased at the opportunity to defend their acts in court. The case will be tried before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

**S**EVERAL weeks after the event happened we learn that a revolution has occurred in Albania. The four members of the regency that has been governing that remote and inaccessible corner of Europe, together with Ahmed Zogu, the premier, have sought safety in flight. The precise causes of the uprising are not clear; but the free tribesmen of Albania are said to have resented Ahmed Zogu's attempt to introduce a centralized government and to limit the exercise of local authority. They also feared that he would declare himself king and set up a government that would still further restrict their personal freedom. The new régime declares itself to be republican in character. The chief of state is Fan Stylian Noli, who is bishop of the Albanian Orthodox Greek Church. His rise to eminence should be especially interesting to Americans, for he has lived in the United States and from 1909 to 1912 attended Harvard University. He has been politically active and conspicuous in Albania ever since the end of the war.

**N**OW they are sending pictures by radio. M. Belin, who invented one of the processes for transmitting photographs by wire, has worked out a method of using the Hertzian waves for the same purpose. He talks confidently of sending pictures across the Atlantic in that way, and the Paris newspapers predict that "television," or long distance seeing, will soon be an accomplished fact.

**O**N one issue, although no doubt it will cut no great figure in the campaign, the Democratic and the Republican platform are diametrically opposed. The Democrats declare for the immediate independence of the Philippine Islands, whereas the Republicans, though looking forward to a more or less distant grant of independence, are sure that the time for it has not yet come.

**T**HE new immigration law works queerly at times. It deals not with families but with individuals; place of birth, however accidental, is the only fact recognized in establishing national quotas. The recently reported dilemma of Sir Derrick Wernher and his family is an illustration. Sir Derrick is an Englishman, but he married a Russian woman, and they have a child who was born while the father and mother happened to be living in Italy. When the mother and the child arrived in New York it appeared that neither could enter, Lady Wernher because the Russian quota for the year was full and the child because the Italian quota also was complete. At the same time the husband and father, if he had presented himself, would have been admitted since the quota from Great Britain was still incomplete!

**O**NE of the greatest problems that face the new French ministry is handling the national debt. M. Herriot is hard at work on it. According to report his first effort will be to change many of the short-term loans into long-term obligations. The French debt now combines a domestic debt of 270,000,000,000 francs—which means paper francs worth some five cents apiece—and a foreign debt of 40,000,000,000 francs—which means gold francs worth almost twenty cents apiece. Translated into "gold" dollars, the entire debt amounts to approximately \$20,000,000,000. As the exchange value of the franc rises the domestic debt increases, for then the value of the paper franc increases. If the franc should rise to its normal value, the French debt would amount to more than \$60,000,000,000. On the other hand, a falling franc diminishes the domestic debt. In Germany when the mark fell to nothing the domestic debt disappeared, which is one reason that France believes that Germany can and should pay its reparations obligations. The state of affairs will explain the unwillingness of the French government to see any immediate rise in the value of the franc—although its collapse would be no less disastrous than its rise. The aim is to stabilize the franc at five cents or thereabouts, which is one quarter of its normal value.

## The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

### CHRONICLES OF ADVENTURE

**N**EXT month *The Companion* will begin printing a series of true narratives of adventure. The adventures are described in almost every case by the hero himself, they occurred in many widely separated lands, they were extraordinary and perilous. They make unusually interesting reading. The dangers described include

A hurricane in the Bay of Biscay  
A journey by sledge in the Arctic  
An attack by murderous Mexicans  
An encounter with tigers in India  
A chase by bandits in Persia  
An attack by circus animals  
The shipwreck of a whaler.

*The Companion* has seldom printed articles more captivating to lovers of romance than these strange, true narratives.

enthusiasm for favorite candidates that have ever been seen at any convention. When Governor Smith was put in nomination the noise continued for nearly an hour and a half, and the demonstration of the McAdoo supporters lasted for nearly an hour. The convention was not drawn into any prolonged fight over the question of the prohibitory law; the advocates of an amendment permitting the sale of beer and wine did not feel strong enough to press the issue. But there were two exciting contests over the platform. The more ardent advocates of the League of Nations, led by Mr. Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, tried in vain to get the convention to demand the immediate admission of the United States to the League. The committee's plank, drawn, it is said, by Mr. Bryan, which mentioned the League with approval and recommended a national referendum on the question of entering it, had a majority of about two to one. Still more heated was the battle over the plank that demanded religious tolerance and that condemned secret, oath-bound political organizations. After a struggle that aroused an extraordinary amount of feeling on both sides those who wanted the Ku-Klux Klan mentioned by name came within five votes of carrying their point.

**A**FTER a long and careful examination of the evidence concerning the lease of the naval oil lands in Wyoming and California that Mr. Fall while Secretary of the Interior executed in favor of Mr. E. L. Doheny and Mr. H. F. Sinclair, a grand jury, sitting at Washington, brought indictments against all three men and also against Mr. E. L. Doheny, Jr., son of the California oil magnate. The charge is unlawful conspiracy. Mr. Fall in a separate indictment is accused of accepting a bribe of \$100,000 from the Dohenys, who in still another indictment are prosecuted for paying that sum to Mr. Fall

## SCHOOL DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

### BOYS' SCHOOLS

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Some clothes hanging  
on a bush



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Ray Coon Plays a Prank

By G. H. Smith

LATE one afternoon Ray Coon was stumping along Crinkly Creek on his stilts, when he found some clothes hanging on a bush. As he paused to look at the clothes he heard a loud splash just round the bend.

"Oho!" said Ray to himself. "That's Policeman Dog jumping in for a swim."

He gazed admiringly at the clothes. How grand it must seem to be a policeman!

Suddenly he thought, "What if I just try that suit on for a minute?"

Now Ray knew perfectly well that he had no business to touch the clothes, but he threw his stilts on the ground and began to wriggle into the trousers. Then he put on the coat. The clothes were miles too big for him, but all the same he felt like a policeman. He



He stalked past them

He jammed the helmet down on his head and picked up the club.

"Now I'll patrol the woods," he said.

But the trousers were so long that he could not take a step. While he was wishing that he were a little taller his eye fell on the pair of stilts, and an idea came to him.

He put down the club and picked up his stilts; then he crawled over to a large tree and, leaning against the trunk, pushed first one stilt and then the other down through the big, loose legs of the trousers. After that he managed to pull himself up on the stilts. The coat hid

"Good evening, officer!"

### THE BROOK

By Miriam Clark  
Potter

Down in the field  
where we romped  
and played  
The brook runs  
by like a long  
parade,

With little white horses and little  
green men,  
Over and over and over again,

With music and laughter and  
clapping of hands  
And feet that beat through the  
pasture lands.

And the green leaf banners lift  
and blow  
To see so lovely and brave a show.

My sister and brother, who played  
with me,  
Have hurried home to their even-  
ing tea;

But I'm not going; Oh, no, not I;  
Not till the end of the brook goes  
by.



them at the top, and so he looked just like a tall officer. By thrusting his hands into his pockets he was able to grasp the stilts and walk away on them.

It was hard to have to give up the club, but even without it he felt exactly like an officer. He swelled out his chest and strutted.

"Aha, I must arrest somebody!" he exclaimed.

Holding his chin high he went stumping down a path into the woods. After a while he saw Wigglenose Gray and his sister Tiny coming toward him through the dusk.

Ray strode toward them. "I arrest you in the name of the law!" he cried in a deep bass voice.

Wigglenose and Tiny clutched each other; their eyes grew as big as marbles.

Ray's heart softened at their fright. "Never mind," he said gruffly as he stalked past them.

When he looked back over his shoulder he saw Wiggle and Tiny fleeing for dear life through the underbrush.

"I must look exactly like Policeman Dog," he said to himself.

The next person to come along was little Chubby Coon.

As they met, Chubby saluted gravely. "Good evening, officer!" he said.

Ray's heart swelled with pride at the salute. But he thought, "O dear, I can't arrest anyone so polite as that." So he merely passed Chubby with a grunt.

In a few minutes he saw the Misses Goose scurrying down the path toward him. The sisters had stayed out too late and were hurrying home.

Ray stopped in front of them. "Misses Goose," he said loudly, "halt! I arrest you both in the name of the law!"

He had not known that the Goose girls could raise such a racket. Flapping and shrieking they rose up and flew straight over Ray's head, almost knocking his helmet off.

"The silly things!" he said, much annoyed. Just then he saw another figure hurrying toward him. It was Rusty Fox; he knew him by his walk.

Ray did not like the idea of tackling Rusty Fox, but he had firmly made up his mind to arrest someone, and so he stopped short and called out boldly, "I arrest you, Rusty Fox, in the name of the law!" He made his voice very deep and fierce.

Rusty threw up his arms. "I surrender," he said.

Here was a pretty fix! Ray did not know what to do. He wanted to grasp Rusty by the shoulder, say a few stern, deep words to him and then let him go. But if he let go the stilts he would fall.

After a minute Rusty said in a trembling voice, "Officer, I surrender."

Then Ray said in loud, curt tones, "Boy, I will give you one more chance. Off with you!"

"Oh, thank you, officer!" Rusty whined. But as he dodged past Ray and went running through the woods he cried loudly, "Forest people, beware, beware! Ray Coon is out arresting in the name of the law!"



"No more pranks like that!"

One stilt and then  
the other



Then Ray knew that he had not fooled Rusty in the least; he knew also that he should never hear the last of it.

He turned with a sob and went running back toward Crinkly Creek. He could run on stilts almost as fast as any other way. As he went he heard cries in the wood.

"He's arresting in the name of the law, tuwoo!" That was Mr. Blinky Owl laughing at him somewhere in the twilight.

"He's arresting in the name of the law, teehee!" That was Mr. Furry Squirrel giggling on a bough.

Ray was panting when he reached the creek and leaned up against the big tree. All at once he saw Policeman Dog standing there in the dusk; he looked as big as an elephant, and he had on nothing but his shirt.

Ray was so frightened that he did not know what he was saying. "O sir," he cried, "I am not you!"

"Oh, aren't you?" roared Policeman Dog. All at once the stilts doubled under Ray, and he fell to the ground. "Don't arrest me in the name of the law," he begged.

Policeman Dog was as angry as he could be, but he had a kind heart after all.

"Get out of my clothes, Ray Coon," he said. "Then go home as fast as your two legs will take you. And no more pranks like that!"

Two minutes later, as Ray with his stilts over his shoulder went scuttling off through the dark he said to himself over and over, "No more pranks like that!"

## THE VERY HELPFUL APRON

By Josephine E. Phillips

THERE now, won't mother be surprised when she gets back from her errand," Dora thought as she hung up the dish towel and seized her red sweater from its hook.

A glance at the clock sent her racing down the street to school. There were only three minutes left before nine o'clock, and she always allowed ten minutes for the trip! Dora hated tardy marks. Well, anyway, she had washed the breakfast dishes as fast as she could, and, if she was late to school, she would have the comfort of knowing that they were done.

Something kept tugging at her waist as she ran down the street, and it seemed as if her skirts were terribly in the way, but she couldn't stop to straighten them. She dashed on and on and into the building as the last gong was ringing. A moment later she left her sweater in the cloak room and slipped into her own seat just in time. She noticed that everyone in the room was giggling about something, but she was too much out of breath to turn round and see what it was.

Through the opening exercises the children of course sat quietly, but then they began to titter again. Even Miss Cole seemed to be

"The silly things!"



DRAWINGS BY  
PAUL MASON

amused as she turned to the "project" that the class was working out that week.

At first Dora wondered what the joke was that she had missed by not coming earlier, but the project soon took all her attention. The project was a grocery store fitted up in the front of the room. For the last two weeks the children had been bringing empty cereal boxes, butter cartons, tin pails and other odds and ends from the grocery store to fit it out with. This Monday morning was to be the "grand opening," and each child had been asked to bring a few real vegetables or some fruit to sell at the store. With a little stinging flash it came over Dora that in her hurry she had forgotten her bag of potatoes. But there would probably be enough to sell without them.

You see, the grocery store was to help the children to figure quickly, to weigh and to count. It would teach those who were shy to ask for things as they had to do in a regular store, for surely children in the fourth grade were quite too old to have to carry



"O sir, I am not you!"

a note. And it would teach politeness, too. Best of all, the children were to have cardboard money that looked like real pennies and nickels and dimes to do their buying with.

Dora could hardly wait for the paper money to be passed out. She wondered who would be storekeeper that opening day; probably Helen Martin. She could add better than anyone in the class, and of course, a grocer has to add.

"Those in the first row with

## TWO IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT

By Betty Towles

When it was time to go  
to bed

Last night  
They pulled my hair  
and put it up

All tight  
In papers. I could  
hardly wait

Until today  
To see. But now it looks to me  
The strangest way.  
My brother calls it corkscrews. He  
Thinks girls  
Are silly. But my mother calls  
It curls.



DRAWN BY KATHARINE  
MALLETT



vegetables for the store may bring them forward now," said Miss Cole, when she had the boxes all arranged.

Helen Martin took up four carrots. She never forgot. Everyone else in the row looked blank and did not take up anything. From Friday to Monday is such a long time to remember.

"Second row!" Miss Cole said with a sympathizing smile.

No one moved.

"Third row!"

There was a little stir among the children, but no one produced any potatoes or oranges.

"Fourth!" The teacher looked hopelessly round the room. "If anyone has anything for the store, he may bring it forward now."

Dora heard a faint, familiar *jingle-jangle* up the street.

"That is bad," Miss Cole continued when no one responded. She no longer smiled. "The superintendent and the principal have promised to visit our project this morning, but with only four carrots—"

The *jingle-jangle* came nearer and nearer. It stopped a few houses away, and Dora heard voices.

"Miss Cole!" Dora broke all the rules of the schoolroom; she interrupted her teacher, she jumped excitedly from her seat, and she started to run to the window, pointing.

On the way she tripped on what had made her classmates giggle—her mother's blue-and-white-checked kitchen apron. Dora didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. She remembered tying that apron high and tight under her arms when she began to wash the dishes,—it was still spattered with damp spots,—and she didn't remember taking it off. It had gradually slipped down and down.

The *jingle-jangle* outside the window made her forget her embarrassment. Hitching the apron up under her arms again, she put her hands into the big seam pocket that her mother always had in her apron and found the thin brown change purse that she always kept in the pocket. "Peddler-money" she called it, and mother's very own peddler was *jingling-jangling* past!

"Please, Miss Cole, excuse me for a minute, I want to buy some potatoes and parsnips and oranges and things from the peddler out there. I was going to tell you we could get them charged, but,"—she had read permission in Miss Cole's eyes and was already halfway to the door,—"but I just happened to have mother's purse with me."

Miss Cole couldn't refuse to let the children in the room watch the strange bargaining that went on outside. They saw six potatoes go into the blue-and-white checked apron, then four small bananas, then apples, then carrots and parsnips and finally after a little dickering a head of cabbage. They saw Dora count out some change from the thin brown purse and then disappear from the street. The big dark peddler grinned and went on his way.

"There!" Dora said a few minutes later when she came back into the schoolroom and spread her purchases out on the counter. "There're potatoes and apples and a cabbage and some more carrots, because Helen's looked withered and the superintendent might want some, and parsnips, and he tried to sell me lettuce, but I said we wanted to keep these all the week, and lettuce would spoil, and so he threw in the four green bananas, and I think it's a bargain." She stopped for breath and looked over the display. Then she touched one of the bananas gingerly. "I guess our grocer had better be careful of them. I'm afraid they aren't so green as they look."

She started to untie her apron, but Miss Cole came up behind her. Dora thought that she was going to help with the knot and stood as still as still, but instead, the teacher fastened the apron higher and higher, with a pin.

"We want you to be the grocer while our visitors are here. You've shown real ability," she said, smiling into Dora's happy face. "Later we shall all take turns, and maybe you'll let us borrow that very helpful apron to look businesslike in."

## BETTY AND GEORGE MAKE MUD PIES

By Pringle Barret

BETTY and George had been making mud pies all the morning in the back yard, and both of them had been having a very good time indeed. But suddenly Betty realized that George was making much better mud pies than she was. It made

Betty angry, and that of course put a stop to their good time.

"What do you make mud pies for?" asked Betty in a cross tone. "It is the business of ladies to make pies. Men don't do things like that."

George was astonished. He and Betty had made mud pies every summer for the last three years at least, and Betty had never talked like that about it before.

"This man does," said George, who at the moment was putting the finishing touches on a lovely mud pie; it had a beautiful top with holes all round the edge to make it look like real pastry. George was making the holes now, and he was so much interested in getting them exactly right that he did not notice how cross his sister's tone was. To tell the truth, he was so busy that he did not have time to quarrel.

That made Betty still angrier, for, as everyone knows, it is disappointing to try to quarrel with some one who will not quarrel with you.

"Well," she said, "there's one thing certain. I'm not going to make mud pies with you any more." And Betty tossed her head and walked off.

George felt very bad indeed to think that Betty was not going to play with him any more, and he was sorry to see her go into the house; but after all he had business to attend to. He had made a mistake in putting the holes in the pastry top, and it took all of his attention to put things right again. Before long he was so busy that he had forgotten how cross Betty was.

But Betty had not forgotten. She went straight into the house as fast as her two little legs could carry her, straight into the front hall and straight up the steps to the children's playroom.

"Now," she thought, "I'm going to play with my dolls. They are much better company than brothers anyway, and they never do things that you don't want them to do."

But Betty was determined to be unhappy, though perhaps she did not know it, and when you are determined to be unhappy even dolls can help to make you so. Jane, for example, who was the oldest member of Betty's doll family and the one most likely to know Betty's disposition, failed to sit up in the proper way. Every time Betty set her up straight with her hands in her lap, she fell over on the chair.

None of the dolls seemed willing to behave as Betty wanted them to behave, and so she finally gave up. She was so miserable that she felt as if she should like to sit down in the middle of the playroom floor and cry, and that is just what she did. She sat right down in the middle of the playroom floor and cried as if her heart were going to break; but she could not have been very unhappy, for, you see, she was doing exactly what she wanted to do.

After a while George finished his lovely mud pie with the almost-real pastry top, and then he began to think about Betty and how cross she had been when she had left him. He remembered that she had said she was not going to make mud pies with him any more. He felt sorry about it and wished that he had not made Betty unhappy.

"I know!" he said to himself suddenly and reached down into his pocket to see whether his dime were still there. "I'll ask Betty to go and have a soda with me."

He ran into the house and called: "Betty! Betty!"

But, as Betty did not reply, he ran up stairs and opened the playroom door. There was Betty in the middle of the floor. When she heard the door open she looked up with big round red eyes.

"See, I have a dime! Let's go and get a soda," said George.

"Oh!" cried Betty, and the big round red eyes began to twinkle.

In a few minutes the two children were on their way to the drug store, and George was talking fast and laughing a great deal because he wanted to make Betty forget that she had been unhappy.

Betty did not forget. She thought about it all the way to the drug store, but instead of remembering how unhappy she had been she remembered how cross she had been to George. So she turned to him and said: "George, will you make mud pies with me tomorrow?"

"Of course," said George; "I'll be the baker, and you can come and buy supplies for your doll family."

"Oh!" cried Betty. "That will be the very thing."

Betty said afterwards that the soda that she had that afternoon tasted better than any that she had ever had before.

## ATTRACTIVE AWARDS for COMPANION WORKERS



## THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

WHEN he wrote his novel, "The Covered Wagon," Emerson Hough truly captured the romance and the inspiring spirit of one of the greatest chapters in the nation's life. It is the epic story of the West and the men and women who courageously faced the dangers of the lands then new to the white man.

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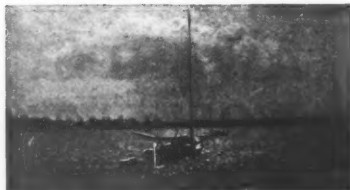
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**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.**  
881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE





## TWO IFS

By Grant H. Code

*The boy:  
If mine were that white little sloop in the bay,  
No sad little lad on the land  
Should see her at anchor the whole summer day  
So close to the motionless sand.  
I'd bail out her cockpit, let centreboard drop;  
I'd set the bound tiller a-swing,  
Coil down sheets and halyards, cast off every stop,  
Hoist sail and weigh anchor and spring  
To the sheet and the tiller and watch the sails fill,  
Rejoice with my ship to be free  
From the shallow of cove and the shadow of hill  
And the slap of the petulant sea.*

*The boat:  
If I were that sullen-faced boy on the shore,  
No tidy young sloop such as I  
Should tug at her mooring a summer day more  
Nor fret at the wind passing by.  
I'd run up her sails, and I'd peak up her gaff,  
Clear halyards, break anchor and steer  
For the sea where good ships and good mariners  
laugh  
At every landlubberly fear.*

## TUNING IN WITH GOD

SOME years ago when Alexander Bell constructed his first telephone people regarded it as a marvel of human ingenuity. But the principle of it was simple enough. Mr. Bell was a teacher of vocal physiology; he believed that the vibration of the vocal chords are responsible for the sound of the human voice. One day he succeeded in making an electric current communicate the vibration through a wire, and that day the telephone was born.

Today we are told there are some sixty octaves of vibration known to science—an octave is the range of notes in which the vibration of the highest is twice that of the lowest. Man can hear only in the first few octaves; above those few the sounds are too fine for the ear to detect. Our modern radio transmitters "step up" the voice to higher octaves that we cannot hear and send it forth through the air. It is received on an aerial and by means of a delicate instrument is graduated down again to the level of the human ear. We may sit in our comfortable chair and thrill to wonderful messages floating down to us from thousands of miles away.

In order to receive those messages, however, we must "tune in" with the distant stations from which we wish to hear. Anyone who has tried it knows that tuning in is not always easy. Sometimes it can be done only after long and careful adjustment. Sometimes it cannot be done at all. Why? Because the air is full of innumerable noises and electrical forces that constitute "interference" and make receiving difficult.

Why should not God's children always remember that the first essential to receiving his message is to get in tune with him? It is not always easy. In a world of sin and discord there is likely to be a great deal of "interference"—so much indeed that sometimes his message is never heard of at all. We cannot pray with hatred or sin in our heart. The fault is not with God, however, if we fail to receive his blessings. The fault is with us who do not get in tune to receive them.

Remembering that truth, perhaps we shall understand more clearly why the first thing the Master said to his disciples when they asked him to teach them to pray was, "Enter into thy closet and . . . shut the door." Get away from the world. There is too much tumult and confusion there. The closed door is the first step to hearing wonderful things. God's admonition to his servant of old is, therefore, an admonition for all of us: "Be still and know that I am God."

## IS YOUR CHARACTER WORTH A QUARTER?

ONE day some years ago while two gentlemen were walking along a plank sidewalk one of them happened to drop a quarter. The coin rolled for a short way and then slipped into a crack. The man pulled up a board at what he thought was the right place, but the quarter was not there. He lifted another board and another, but saw nothing of the coin.

For some fifteen minutes he crawled round, reaching and looking. Finally his companion became impatient and said, "Come, John, you're wasting too much time looking for that money. Surely your time is worth more than a quarter."

But his friend on the ground replied, "It isn't a mere question of finding that quarter. If I give up, I'll have to admit that I quit.

No, sir, I'm going to find that quarter!" And he did.

There in a nutshell is the answer to many a perplexing question. Take for example the question of schooling. How many boys and girls drop out each year because they lack the grit to stick! A boy asks, "What good will this algebra do me anyway?" Or, "What's the use of studying so hard on this history? I guess I'll drop it." How much better off he would be if he decided to go through with his studies, no matter how distasteful they were! In doing so he might, it is true, learn little algebra or history, but he would accomplish what is more valuable—he would strengthen his will, harden his character.

When U. S. Grant—Uniformly Successful Grant some called him—came to fight the great Battle of the Wilderness he said, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" And he did fight it out on that line, and he won! You cannot beat such a man.

## THE PIG AS A PET

A PIG makes a poor parlor pet even if he is clean—for a pig, indeed, a pig seems quite unsuited to being a pet of any sort; his intelligence is altogether too low. Besides, a pig is hard to understand, as Mrs. Anne Bosworth Greene, the intimate and comprehending friend of cows, cats and ponies, admits. In her recent book, the *Lone Winter*, she writes thus of Belinda:

I have had one pig, Belinda, of whom I grew very fond. She was what the hired man called "a right smart shote," plump and lively and immaculately pink and white; and when the stable was being cleaned and the window in her pen was open Belinda's investigating head looked out, and her little eyes with their long white eyelashes winked kindly at me as she waved her nose.

"Hoc!" said Belinda encouragingly. "Hoc, hac!—Hujus? Hujus?—Huic—huic—huic!"

At which classic salute I always waved my shovel and replied, "Morning, B'linda!" Sometimes I even took the trouble to walk over and rub the top of her head, though I never quite liked to do that. I used the handle of the shovel. It was a clean head—for a pig; one could see the nice pink skin showing through the silvery hair, but it was as hard as a board and so bristly as to send shivers to one's very bones. There is something illogically violent too about a pig's nose; it is eternally in motion, and while apparently enjoying your caresses it may suddenly rise and smite you—with no provocation except the fact that pigs and human beings after all aren't meant to mix.

For all my affection for her, therefore, our congeniality was astonishingly slight. One can't do very much with an armor-plated animal that has to be petted with shovels! Besides, I never knew what she meant by those grunts of hers, and it worried me. Belinda grunted a great deal; but, however eloquently her head was thrust forth from that hole, she might have been a hippopotamus fresh from the jungle for all the understanding I had of her. Now, you hate to feel barriers between yourself and a pig—your towering intellect should overlook them; a pig, to a human, should be translucent; if it is not, your only consolation, as with ungenial people, is to conclude that it is entirely the fault of the other person.

It is so different with the ponies. I pass one of them in the yard. Our eyes meet; I smile involuntarily. I say carelessly, "Hello, imp!" or some other disrespectful greeting, and it runs after me and shoves its head under my arm! Our understanding is perfect.

## WHEN THEIR BOAT SANK UNDER THEM

FIVE Florida fishermen, beset by sharks as they stood on the deck of their sunken boat, went through a terrible experience not long ago. Following is the true story; only the names of the men, writes the contributor who sends it to us, are different:

Late in September, 1922, Joe Clay, of Punta Gorda, Florida, who owned a gasoline launch that he used principally for transporting fish from the fishing waters round Ten Thousand Islands to the fish warehouses at Punta Gorda, was carrying a catch of about eight thousand pounds. His crew consisted of Wilbur Snow, Fred Harper and Harry and Ben Page. They had been late in leaving the fishing grounds and consequently were late in crossing the bar at Captiva Pass. It was perhaps four o'clock in the afternoon when they sighted the ice house, a mile or so out from the beach, several miles away. Soon after sighting it they discovered that their launch had sprung a leak and was gradually sinking.

Fortunately, they had gained the shallow water in Charlotte Harbor, and when the boat sank the water was only about eight feet deep, and the deck of the boat was only about four feet under. The crew stood on the hatches up to their shoulders and at once began making signals of distress in hopes of being seen from the ice house. But apparently no one saw them; nor was there a sail in sight. To add to the peril of the wrecked crew, sharks, attracted by the smell of the fish in the hold of the launch, came round, cutting the water with their ugly fins.

After an hour Harry Page proposed to swim out to the ice house. He was a good swimmer, and he struck out boldly despite the circling

sharks. Soon he was lost to sight in the rapidly increasing darkness. Joe's three remaining companions said that it was useless for them to stay and be drowned or devoured by sharks, and they proposed to follow Harry. Joe, who could not swim, protested against being left alone. Nevertheless his companions followed Harry. They tried to keep together, but the wind and the tide and the darkness were against them. At the last moment Wilbur Snow said to the others, "Boys, I can't hold out to reach the ice house. I'll just have to turn back and stay with Joe." The others protested, but Wilbur turned back and was never seen again.

When Harry Page, quite exhausted, reached the ice house he found the keeper all alone with no boat; the boats with all hands had gone out for a late catch. Harry heroically undertook to swim out to the fishermen, who were about a mile from the ice house. Some minutes later he was dragged on board a boat, utterly exhausted.

Meanwhile Joe was making desperate efforts to beat away the sharks and keep his head above water. He jumped up and down on the hatchways, hoping to loosen them, and finally a hatch floated to the surface. It was a sort of door half the length of an ordinary house door, and it was thick and heavy. Taking a rope, he tied himself to the hatch and cast off. He kicked his best to steer towards the ice house, but the wind and tide swept him out toward Captiva Pass.

Before the boat began to sink a gasoline tank had sprung a leak, and the gasoline, coming up under the legs of his trousers, had burned him badly—a circumstance that now retarded his movements. Still he continued to kick in the darkness and make desperate efforts to guide his frail craft. But he drifted right out to Captiva Pass, beyond which was the open gulf. Just when he thought he was lost the wind changed, and he was encouraged to make another try for life. He succeeded in checking his outward drift and by and by began to make slight headway against the tide.

At last he heard the far-away cry of the fishermen, who were searching. He responded as best he could, and in half an hour he was dragged half dead into the fishing boat that had come to his rescue. When he was finally brought to the ice house he found that two of the crew had been rescued, and two lost.

The men worked with Joe all night before he was fully resuscitated. But Wilbur Snow and Fred Harper were never found, although the fishermen spent the following day in a search for their bodies.

## THE RIGHT WAY TO GROW OLD

"ANN," said Mrs. Lamkin to her hostess after the pleasant bustle greeting her return to the Wednesday Circle had died down, "I can't say you're looking any younger."

"Did you expect me to, Amanda," inquired Miss Tenney tranquilly. "It's only six weeks, but every day and in every way I've been growing older and older. Though as long as I'm not decrepit and keep my faculties that's nothing I'm likely to lose any sleep over."

"That's just it, Ann Tenney," said Mrs. Lamkin. "That's just exactly it!"

"What's exactly what?" demanded Lydia Peters briskly. "Ann's looking about as usual as far as I can see and about like the rest of us as far as age goes. We're not ashamed of our years, I hope; but I'd like to know what's come over you all of a sudden to sit up and take notice of them? I hardly give a thought to growing old from one birthday to the next, and I'd have supposed you didn't either, Amanda."

"So I don't, Lydia—not usually. But this morning I stared in my looking-glass real close to, and said I to myself, 'Mercy, Amanda Lamkin, what a lined, puckery, colorless, funny old thing you're getting to be! You don't look much like the girl Alonzo married, do you?'"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ann Tenney. "Your looks are well enough, Amanda, and as for Alonzo—well, he carries his years as well as most folks, but he doesn't look much like the Lunny Lamkin I remember beaueing you about in old times, not to mention that he's stout enough to make two of him."

"Except for that last little remark," said Mrs. Lamkin, chuckling, "that's just what Alonzo said himself."

"But what I'd like to know," puzzle-headed little Miss Dibley, the dressmaker, put in plaintively, "is what started all this talk and where it's leading to? I'm sure a woman past middle life who's reasonably well-preserved need never look unattractive if she dresses properly. There's a great deal in clothes."

"There's more in complexions and contours; I got that last word from my niece Alinda; she's artistic, you know," explained Mrs. Lamkin. "And what I was leading up to is how good you all look to me—every face in this circle—since I've seen so many of those poor won't-grow-old-if-I-dye-for-it women in the city. Crinkled and curled and colored and creamed and touched up and toned down they were, or else preened and plumped and peeled until their faces were all soft and smooth and pink like elderly babies. They weren't bad looking in a way, but they didn't seem to mean anything. You couldn't look at them and tell what kind of women had been living behind those faces all those years. They'd turned them into masks. You blessed people all look real!"

"On behalf of our gray hairs and honest wrinkles, Amanda," said Lydia Peters dryly, "thanks!"

"And Alinda says," Mrs. Lamkin's voice was

heard continuing as the laughter ceased, "that artists have always loved to paint elderly faces, because life has put so much into them. When they have beauty—and they ought to have it—it is the beauty of the soul."

"Dear me," Miss Dibley murmured anxiously, "it's hard enough suiting figures and complexions, but I don't see how any dressmaker can be expected to know what is becoming to souls."

## SOUTH DAKOTA TELLS A FEW

ALL the "tall" stories do not come from Vermont. Here are a couple that a reader in South Dakota sends us:

In the early eighties there lived a man who was famed for his lying. Once, for example, he said that he had a gun with a crooked barrel, and one day, seeing a crane alight near a straw stack, he slipped up behind the stack and shot it. He said he didn't have to get in sight of the bird at all, because with his crooked gun he could shoot right round the stack.

Thereupon another fellow told about his gun. He said it was an old-fashioned muzzle loader, and he used to shoot some very large loads from it. One day he saw a flock of pigeons alight in a field, and he loaded his gun with a heavy charge. He said he put in a good handful of powder and then filled the barrel about half full of shot. After that he went out and, creeping up as near to the pigeons as possible, pulled the trigger; at the same time he swung his gun from one side of the flock to the other. Then he went out and picked up one hundred and ninety-nine birds!

One man who heard him tell the story said he should just say a couple of hundred birds and be done with it. But the other looked at him indignantly and exclaimed: "Do you suppose I would tell a lie for one pigeon?"

## THE BRUTE



Aggrieved wife: "Yes! You're a nice one ter take anybody for a 'oliday, you are! Last time you took us where it rained all day—an' now today you takes us for a picnic on a bloomin' wasps' nest!"

—Wilson Fanning in *London Opinion*.

## ROYAL CATECHISMS

FEW persons now living have had a broader acquaintance with people worth knowing and with the currents and cross-currents of politics than Sir Henry Lucy, who was for forty years the "Toby, M.P." of Punch. And certainly no one writes more entertainingly about those persons and those politics. In his *Diary of a Journalist* he gossips thus agreeably about certain of the world's great ones:

In conversation with Mrs. Fraser, sister of Marion Crawford, who as a diplomat's wife spent some years in Vienna, I gathered a vivid impression of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, whose tragic death at the hands of an assassin shocked the world. According to this close observer, the personality of the empress was so closely concentrated on herself that for the rest of man and womankind she became a nullity. Her face, to the last beautiful in feature and coloring, was so severely schooled to immobility in order to avoid the aging effect of wrinkles that it became as expressionless as a fashion plate. She never turned or bent her head if she could help it; the effect was that of a person walking about with a photographer's prop fixed to her back.

Tall and slight, her figure was laced into one perfectly straight line. It was truly said of her that she loved dogs and horses, especially horses, more than she loved any human being. It will be remembered how, recognizing the feeling in this respect common between her and the Irish people, she more than once visited Ireland in the hunting season. She avoided all ceremonies, since they brought her into contact with her fellows. When absolutely compelled to appear at royal receptions or court balls she was so obviously bored as to freeze the company. Empress at sixteen, she was so long tutored in royal customs as to recognize the necessity of saying a few words to every woman presented to her. To save time and trouble she never varied the form of her Shorter Catechism. "Do you ride?" she asked. And, having listened without obvious emotion to the reply, she further inquired, "Have you any children?" When assurance, affirmative or negative, was forthcoming upon this entrancing subject, whether it were yes or no, the empress remained unmoved, the visitor withdrew, and the one next in order submitted herself to the question.

Li Hung Chang adopted that convenient form of getting over the embarrassment of opening conversation with a perfect stranger.



When I was presented to him on his last visit to London he asked me how old I was and next inquired what was my annual salary. At the time I thought them odd questions, but subsequently I learned that they were the Chinese statesman's invariable formula on similar occasions.

When Napoleon III came to the throne he was accustomed when visitors were presented to him at the Tuileries to say, "Do you stay long in Paris?" Consequent on a little awkwardness that in a well-known case attended the inquiry, he substituted another form. An English lady who had befriended him during his exile in London and whom he neglected when she, full of expectation of marked recognition, visited Paris one night found herself at a big reception at the Tuileries.

"Do you stay long in Paris?" he asked as she curtsied before him.

"No, sire," she answered. "Do you?"

As things turned out his stay was more prolonged than at the particular period of the encounter seemed probable. But it did not cover the autumn in which Sedan was fought.



#### WHY SHE KISSED HIM

AGINCOURT was a great English victory; yet it would hardly be as familiar as it is to English and American readers today if it had been merely chronicled, not greatly celebrated by the victorious race. It is Shakespeare and Dryden that have kept that great fight and its leaders still vivid and alive. Recently the distinguished French author and critic, M. Champion, in his new Poetic History of the Fifteenth Century, has narrated the fascinating career and achievements of Alain Chartier, who in his poem the Lay of the Four Ladies wrote of the same battle from the point of view of the vanquished.

Each of the four ladies had a lover engaged in the conflict. One is killed in action; one is taken prisoner; one is missing; and the fourth is alive and unwounded because he fled. The four ladies mourn their griefs and sympathize with one another, but all agree that the greatest grief belongs to her whose lover has returned safe.

Master Alain, as he was oftenest called, was a fervent patriot not only in inciting his countrymen to resist and repel the English but also in boldly calling attention to needed reform in his own land; he denounced corruption and incompetence; he championed the poor and oppressed, always uttering his mind with a fearlessness the more admirable because in those days every man of letters was dependent upon favor and patronage. But Master Alain, despite his free tongue, never lost favor at court; he was even intrusted with delicate foreign negotiations and sent abroad as ambassador. He lived long honored and beloved by noble and peasant; he was the favorite of three kings, and once—it is the one thing known of him to most readers outside of France—he was kissed by a princess.

The lady was Marguerite of Scotland, wife of the Dauphin, later Louis XI. She was young, intelligent, spirited and beautiful; of Alain it was said that he had "the most beautiful soul and the ugliest countenance of any man in France." He had fallen asleep on a bench in the courtyard of the palace when Marguerite came by attended by a train of courtiers and noble ladies. She stooped and kissed him as he slept. The company were astounded, and one maid of honor ventured to remark, "But, madame, how can you kiss a man who is so ugly?"

"It is not to the man that I have given a kiss," replied the princess, "but to the precious mouth from which have issued and gone forth so many wise and witty words and noble sentences."

Master Alain fortunately lived to see and to hail the rise of Jeanne d'Arc; and his last known poem is one again denouncing the English and prophesying that they soon should be defeated and driven from France—as indeed they were soon after.



#### A MORNING WITH ROOSEVELT

ROOSEVELT did not like halfway measures in friendship any more than he liked halfway measures in government. Often at first sight he would take a man into his confidence and was willing to trust wholly to the discretion of his visitor. In the Adventure of Living Mr. John St. Loe Strachey gives as a good example his visit to the White House. He writes:

After breakfast Mr. Roosevelt asked me whether I would like to see how he got through his work. I accepted with avidity. Accordingly he went from the White House to the President's office, which had been built under Mr. Roosevelt's direction in the garden and was just finished. We first went into his special room. There he put me in a window seat and said I was quite free to listen to the various discussions that he was about to have with Cabinet ministers, judges, ambassadors, generals, admirals, Senators and Congressmen.

It was remarkable to see the way in which he managed his interlocutors, who, by the way, apparently took me either for a private secretary or for a part of the furniture! I remember the clever manner in which Mr. Roosevelt talked to an ambassador and kept him off thorny questions and yet got rid of him so skillfully that his dismissal looked like a special

act of courtesy. The interview with a leading Western or Southern Senator who had some cause for complaint was equally courteous and dexterous, though the President's attitude in that matter was of course different. For all his downrightness Roosevelt was a man of great natural dignity and of high breeding, though he had the good sense never to exhibit his good breeding to any man who might have misunderstood it and thought that he was being patronized. In this case the Senator was a self-made man who would no doubt have been suspicious if he had been talked to in the voice and language used for the ambassador. Mr. Roosevelt had no difficulty whatever in making his change of manners as quick as it was complete. A judge of the Supreme Court who came for a short talk demanded yet a third style and got it, as did also one of the members of the President's Cabinet.

After an hour or rather more had been spent in those interviews the President took me into the Cabinet room, and very soon the members of the Administration began to assemble and to take their seats round the big table in the centre. I felt, as the children say, that this was getting "warm." Even though I had the President's general leave to stop I thought I had better not take advantage of it. As soon as I saw my friend Colonel Hay enter I went up to him and asked him whether he did not think that, though I had been honored by the President's invitation, I had better not remain during the Cabinet. I could see that the question relieved him not a little. Though devoted to Roosevelt, he was a little inclined to think that the President's ways were sometimes too unconventional. Therefore I slipped quietly out of the room.

It is amusing to recollect that when at luncheon I apologized half whimsically for my desertion Mr. Roosevelt told me that I had acted "with perfect tact."



#### A DORSET GIANT

DID you ever hear of the Giant of Cerne Abbas? He is cut on the side of a hill in Dorsetshire, England, and, says the London Times, he is the veritable giant of all fairy tales.

A full one hundred and eighty feet high he measures in his bare feet; he is gross-limbed and foolish-faced, as all giants notoriously are, and carries a club, terribly knubbed and forty yards long, brandished over his shoulder. And what if he has a left hand at the end of his right arm so that he grasps the club with his knuckles forward! His thumb is at the top. No historian may have mentioned that peculiarity of giants, but it is just the clumsy kind of way they would be made. And the people who drew the giant of Cerne Abbas had plenty of opportunity to observe and copy him accurately; for the story still lives how he was killed, and then, as he lay, his outline was sketched upon the hillside, just as you draw your pencil round a big trout on a sheet of paper.

Who were they who did it? Some learned people argue that they were the Phœnicians, who used to come trading to this southwest coast for tin. Whoever made the giant, they did it very, very long ago. The Romans undoubtedly found him there, and it has been suggested that he is in fact that war god to whom—so Caesar tells us—the ancient Britons used to sacrifice their prisoners. There is no knowing what savage orgies that peaceful corner of the valley of the Cerne may not have witnessed. Perhaps it was its evil reputation that brought St. Augustine there to preach (the St. Austin's Well in the churchyard of Cerne Abbas perpetuates his name). He found the people not unworthy of their bad reputation; for they tied cows' tails to the robes of the saint and his followers and herded them out of the village like cattle.

The giant is not, so to speak, painted in flat color; he is sketched only in outline by a single trench that makes a flowing foot-wide ribbon of line against the green of the hillside. His monstrous ribs, his nose and mouth, his foolish high eyebrows and round, staring eyes, with other details, are all there in relief.

The night is his season. All day he lies stretched upon his back, staring across the valley past the village with its high church tower and the ruins of the abbey that in his middle age he watched building so laboriously a thousand years ago. So still he lies that flocks of rooks and sea gulls wander over him and prod into his ribs and his cheeks for worms; and though they must tickle dreadfully, he never moves. But at night—the legend runs—when none can see whether he is in his place or not he rouses and comes down silently to drink at the streams below. In the hot summer of 1921 he had so great a thirst—and no wonder, lying on the parched slope all day!—that half the brooks and ponds and wells of Wessex went dry!



#### ENOUGH TO BEWILDER AN ARTIST

AMONG many delightful anecdotes recounted in Thackeray and His Daughter, the letters and memoirs recently compiled by Miss Hester Thackeray Ritchie of her famous mother and more famous grandfather, one of the most amusing has for its chief figure an insignificant unknown—an artist, to be sure, but an amateur of no exceptional skill.

The Trollopes, Sir John Millais and his wife, Anne Thackeray and several other friends had

formed a pleasant party for a summer time drive followed by a woodland ramble. As they were strolling leisurely through the lovely woods near Knole they came upon the artist under a tree; he was busily but by no means successfully endeavoring to paint the scene. Naturally, they glanced at his work in passing, and Millais, whose artistic soul was moved to impatience or compassion or both at what he saw, stopped dead. "Why," said he to the painter, "you have not got your lights right. Look, this is what you want." And he took the brush out of the painter's hand and made a line or two on the picture and then nodded to him and walked away.

They all went on a few steps; then Anthony Trollope laughed and said, "The man looks bewildered; he ought to know it is Millais." And he ran back and told him.

As he rejoined the others Anne Thackeray laughed and declared, "He ought to know it is Trollope!" And she ran back and told him, only to be greeted on her return with more laughter, and the cry from another of the party as he started back toward the dazed artist, "Now he must be told that that was Miss Thackeray!"

So the artist was told that too, but the question that remained unsettled was how much of what he had been told did he believe? Did he accept it as fact that two distinguished novelists and one famous artist had occupied themselves for no particular reason with his unimportant self? Or did he suppose those hilarious strangers to be playing a practical joke? Or slightly tipsy? Or possibly escaped from a lunatic asylum? It would not be astonishing if as he resumed his brush it was in the nervous expectation of seeing more strangers pop out from the bushes to proclaim themselves Raphael and Shakespeare!



#### THE BLUNDERING "RHINO"

MOST men's estimates of the relative dangerousness of the African animals are based on their own experiences. The animals that have mauled them worst or scared them worst they hold most dangerous. At least that is the contention of Mr. Carl E. Akeley. In his book In Brightest Africa he writes:

I have been mauled by an elephant, chewed by a leopard and scared half to death a dozen times by lions, so that I have the very firmest convictions about the dangerousness of these animals. On the other hand I have twice been caught by "rhinos" in positions where an elephant, a lion or a leopard would have had me in no time, and on both occasions the "rhinos" left me unmolested.

When I first went to Africa I had the same experience as everyone else. "Rhinos," getting wind of me, would charge me, and to save myself I'd shoot. I suppose I had stood off twenty of those charges with my rifle before I discovered that, if I did not shoot, it would not necessarily be fatal. One day, for example, three of the creatures charged me when I was sitting down and unarmed. I couldn't rise in time to get away or reach a gun, so I merely continued to sit, and they went by on both sides ten or fifteen feet away.

Experience has led me to think that in his charges the "rhino" has no clear objective as a lion has. Even his blundering charge is dangerous of course, if you are in the way, but I firmly believe that the "rhino" is too stupid to be either accurate in his objective, fixed in his purpose or vindictive in his intentions.



#### BOTH DEMOCRATS

WHEN Thomas Nelson Page went to Rome as ambassador to Italy in 1913 he quickly won the friendship of the royal family. Both the King and Mr. Page recognized immediately the essential simplicity of the other. In a recent book devoted to his brother's life Mr. Roosevelt Page writes:

The ambassador was welcomed to the country residence of the King of Italy in a royal coach that had been sent for him, though the meeting was very informal. The King came forward and greeted him in a cordial manner, welcoming him in well-chosen English. At the luncheon the conversation was friendly and unrestrained, except that some of those present did not speak English, and the ambassador, though a hard student of Italian and a good Latin scholar, would not then trust himself to use the beautiful language of the country, in which he later became quite fluent.

"We are farmers out here," said the King pleasantly, "and we do not dress this way all the time. Today I am dressed to meet the ambassador from the United States."

"I'm a farmer myself in Virginia," the ambassador replied. "I hope you do not think I dress this way all the time. I've only put these clothes on to meet the King of Italy."



#### ANYTHING TO OBLIGE A FOOL

AN affected young man who was dining out felt called on to correct his hostess when by a slip of the tongue she ordered the servant to remove the "fool," meaning the fowl. "I presume," said the young man, "you mean the fowl, madam."

"Very well," responded the hostess, who was rather annoyed, "take away the fowl and let the fool remain."

## Poor Yesterday



YESTERDAY'S alarm clock was a dash of cold water thrown in the

face. Yesterday never looked through a window glass or drove a Ford sedan. Yesterday could have stood all day pushing buttons, turning on faucets, shoveling in coal—and have never got a bit of hot water, electric light, or radiator heat. Yesterday mined for its salt, tilled for its bread, sheared and spun for its clothes. Yesterday lived to itself and died of diseases unknown.

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